Saturday Review

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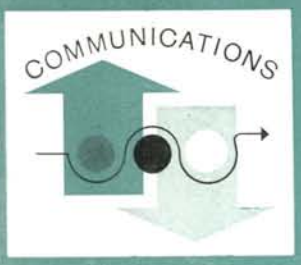

A New SR Supplement

COMMUNICATIONS

NEWSPAPERS · MAGAZINES · TELEVISION · PUBLIC OPINION POLLING

Edited by Richard L. Tobin

THE GOLD RUSH ON PUBLISHERS' ROW
By R. W. Apple, Jr.

BOOKS FOR FALL READING
Highlights of the Season

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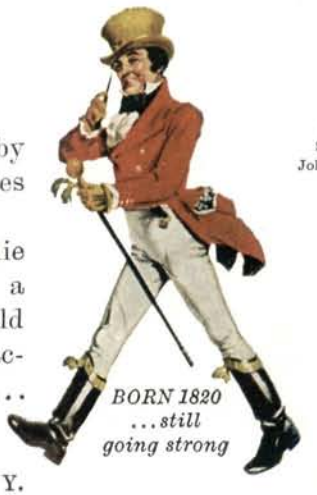

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A few years ago, I mentioned that book jacket copy is too often run down as "blurbs." Yet blurbing it often is and when written with little respect for either truth or the reader deserves such criticism. But when the anonymous copywriter (usually, but not always, young and aspiring) does his job right, it rises above ordinary advertising.

I like the flap copy on *An American Dialogue: A Protestant Looks at Catholicism and a Catholic Looks at Protestantism*. It tells what the book is—"two brilliant and authoritative spokesmen present for the intelligent lay reader frank portraits of their own and each other's community."

To be sure, the "intelligent" is flattery but also accurate. Later, the writer turns it into a nudge: "Most Protestants read about Catholicism in books written by Protestants (and vice versa)—thus enjoying a feeling of broad-mindedness without risking any drastic change of attitudes."

And the "brilliant" and "authoritative" are deserved, too. Robert McAfee Brown, of Union Theological Seminary, and Father Gustave Weigel, S.J., of Woodstock College, are uncommonly good writers and courageous men. Their purpose is not scoring points; it is understanding. There is reason for Will Herberg's judgment that the book is "a major event in American religious life."

Since religion also figures in American political life, the book has an almost volatile pertinence at this moment. But this is one dialogue that will go on, let us hope, long after the present debates are ended. This is one book on the subject I urge you to read, flaps and all.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

An American Dialogue ($2.95) by Robert McAfee Brown and Gustave Weigel, S.J., is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York. Copies may be obtained from your local bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 48 Maryland Plaza, St. Louis 8, Missouri.

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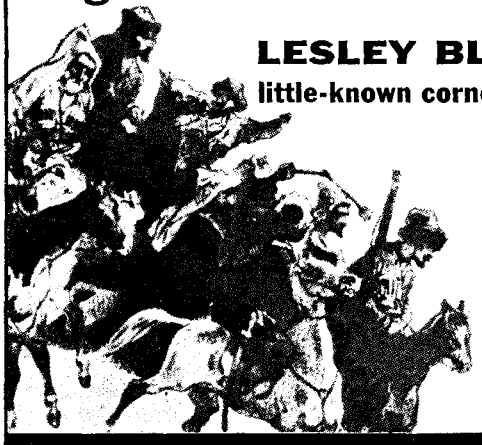

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TRADE Winds

POLITICS IS in the air. You can't pick up a newspaper without finding a Very Sincere Speech from some candidate or supporter, ready with the answers to save the world. But conspicuous by its absence is the pleasant, biting humor of a commentator like Will Rogers, who used to rock the voters from coast to coast with his intelligent irreverence, designed to upset the political temples on both sides of the fence.

We stumbled across a book of his the other day ("How We Elect Our Presidents," edited by Donald Day; Little, Brown), and spent several hours wishing there were someone around to fill in for him and his benign political deviltry.

WILL HAD THE KNACK of insulting people kindly. He showed little or no favoritism, spoke bluntly, and was loved by both Republican and Democrat as he made each the target for his outrageous slings and arrows. ("All you

have to do to write something funny about a Republican Convention is to just tell what happens." Contrast this with his: "I saw something yesterday that for stupidity, lack of judgment, nonsensicality . . . I've never seen beaten. It was the Democratic Convention.")

His salty wisdom was a byword in the Twenties and early Thirties, and in any of his columns you can still pick out a quiet, drawling phrase designed to jibe, provoke, and tickle your political funny bone.

"Ohio claims they are due a President as they haven't had one since Taft," you read. "Look at the United States. They haven't had one since Lincoln."

Or: "Will Hays took me to meet President Harding," he wrote in 1921. "I said, 'Mr. President, I would like to tell you all the latest political jokes.'

"He said, 'You don't have to, Will. I appointed them.' "

Will constantly ping-ponged from one party to the other, never giving either side time to breathe.

For instance:

"You take a Democrat and a Republican and you keep them both out of office and I bet you they will turn out to be good friends and maybe make useful citizens."

So far, it's a neutral stand. But watch out as you read further:

"You keep a Republican broke and out of office and pretty near everyone can get along with them."

Then, before the Democrats would have a chance to rejoice, you would find him saying about the Democratic "Follies" of 1924: "When you straddle a thing, it takes a long time to explain it."

STRAW VOTES and opinion research were in their infancy in Will's day, but he didn't let that bother him.

Taking a swipe at the defunct *Literary Digest*'s pre-election poll, he wrote:

"It's the only publication that don't already know who will be President. No mathematician in this country has ever been able to figure out how many hundred straw votes it takes to equal one legitimate vote."

His quotable phrases rolled out of his typewriter with deadly regularity:

"If I was running for office, I would rather have two friends in the counting room than a Republican Slush Fund behind me."

"There is no other business in the world that allows a man to work after he is fired except politics."

"Say, that Hoover is turning out to be a better politician than everybody gave him credit for. He is the only man since Prohibition has been in, that is for the drys, but not against the wets."

"I don't think Politicians are getting what is coming to them. They are lucky!"

ONE OF WILL'S favorite targets was the convention's keynote prayer. On one occasion in 1928, he wrote: "The Convention opened with a prayer. If the Lord can see his way clear to bless the Republican Party the way it's been carrying on, then the rest of us ought to even get it without asking for it."

His capacity for the quick, unexpected phrase was delightful:

"The Show was called to order at twelve-twenty, Jeffersonian time."

"Singing 'Dixie' in Texas is just as sure-fire as a flask."

And his lighthearted distress with the convention system is just as appropriate today as it was in 1928 when he wrote this:

"Lord, I have looked at enough

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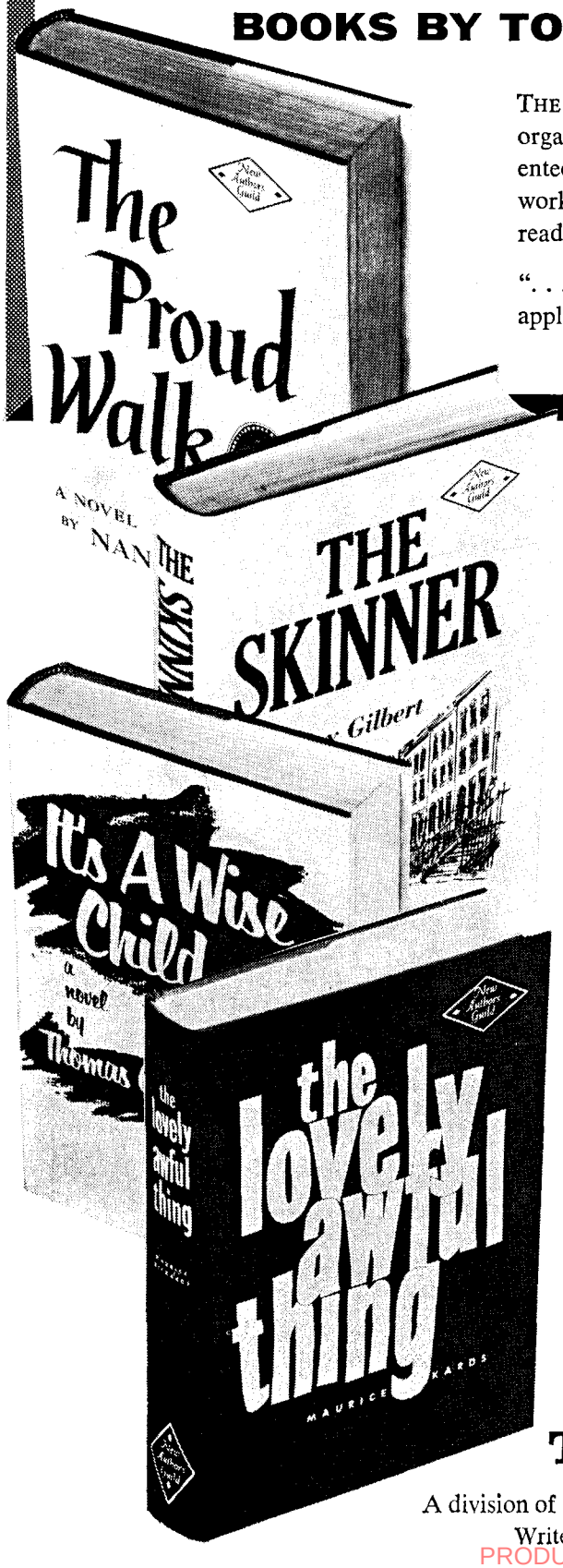

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In Grandad's left hand, the Bell System's new electronic larynx.

A new voice for the voiceless

New Bell System electronic larynx restores speech to those who have lost the use of their vocal cords

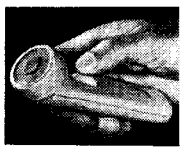
Helping people to talk again . . . this is a continuing Bell System project which grew out of Alexander Graham Bell's lifelong interest in persons with hearing and speech handicaps.

Now Bell Telephone Laboratories has developed an improved electronic artificial larynx. Entirely self-contained and battery-operated, it serves as a "new voice" for many people affected by surgery or paralysis.

When held against the neck, this 7-ounce device transmits vibrations into the throat cavity which can then be articulated into words. Speech sounds of good intelligibility and improved naturalness are produced.

Two models are being made by the Western Electric Company, manufacturing and supply unit of the Bell System. One simulates a man's voice, the other a woman's. In keeping with the Bell System's long history of public service, the Bell Telephone Companies are making this device available on a non-profit basis. If you would like further information, just get in touch with your local Bell Telephone business office.

This new artificial larynx is another example of how research at Bell Telephone Laboratories serves the public in many ways—in developments used by the world's most modern telephone system—and in inventions which have wide application by outside industries and people in all walks of life.



Held to the throat, the Bell System electronic artificial larynx replaces the vibrations of normal vocal cords to produce speech. Power is turned on and off, and the pitch is varied, by a simple thumb-operated switch.

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badges, and heard enough speeches that if I ever hear another m·n say, 'The Grand Old Republican Party' or 'Back to Jeffersonian Principles' I will go to the gallows with a clear conscience. I don't want to be disrespectful to either party, but I am just tired of seeing history being made."

RIGHT AFTER going through Will's book, we ran smack into Garry Moore, wearing khaki slacks, tennis shoes, and a light blue Oxford shirt. He was jampacked with stories about past elections, the result of his preparing for the big CBS-TV News special "The Right Man," which will hit the air on October 24.

"It's the first time the News Department at CBS is producing what amounts to a variety show," he told us. "It's exciting—and I've run into more stories about elections than you could shake a voting lever at.

"Did you know, for instance, that Horace Greeley was so viciously attacked that he said: 'I didn't know

whether I was running for the Presidency or the penitentiary.' And some of these old election songs are lulus. Back in 1896, they used to sing:

McKinley drinks soda water
Bryan drinks his rum
McKinley is a gentleman
Bryan is a bum.

"The whole catch to that was that Bryan never touched a drop in his life.

"And there was another song that used to lay them in the aisles:

Mother may I go out to swim?
Yes, my dear, go freely.
Put on your hat, your old white coat
And vote for Horace Greeley.

"Take a good look at that one. In the first place, women couldn't vote. In the second place, if you are going swimming, why put on your hat and old white coat?

GARRY CONTINUED: "I think I'm going to become an expert by the time I get through with rehearsals. Fred Freed, who's putting the show together, told me about Ulysses Grant. It was rumored that he claimed to know two tunes. One was 'Yankee Doodle.' The other wasn't. One of the most unusual

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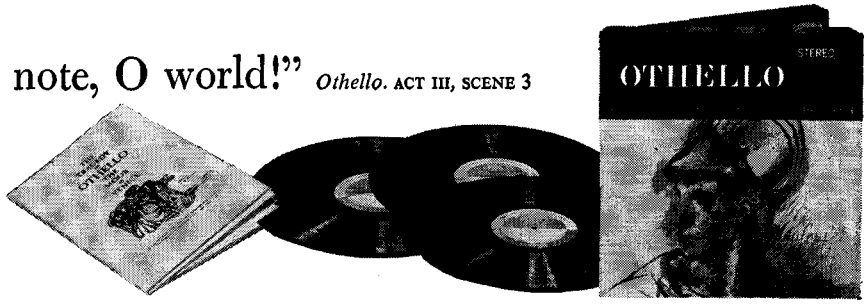
"Take note, take note, O world!" *Othello.* ACT III, SCENE 3



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"'Tis beauty truly blent"
Twelfth Night. ACT I, SCENE 5

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"Thrift, thrift, Horatio!"
Hamlet. ACT I, SCENE 2

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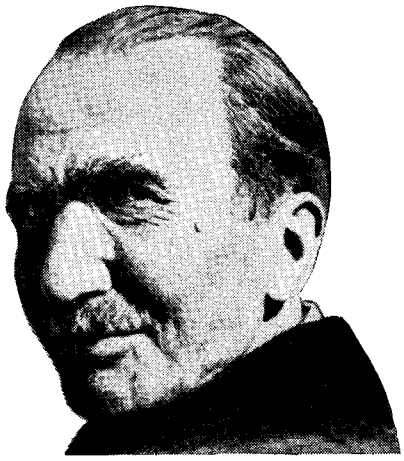


Kazantzakis

His last and greatest novel is being hailed as one of the masterpieces of our era—a work of authentic genius

"An extraordinary work of art . . . it springs from a passionate religiosity and presents one of the foremost fictional Christ images. It is like a painting in vivid, sometimes even garish color. What a turbulent but large spirit is at work here. Increasingly Nikos Kazantzakis is perceived in the United States as one of the great artists of the century in any language. THE LAST TEMPTATION is the culmination of his career." —From the lead review in *Saturday Review*

"When one meets with a writer of authentic genius like Kazantzakis, one realises how often the word has been misused. In its brilliance, profundity and deep feeling, this work surpasses to my mind even his *Odyssey*. This is truly, for once, an unforgettable book, and even those who may be disturbed by its theological unorthodoxies cannot, I am sure, fail to find it enriching, or to recognise the truth of the imagination." —*Mary Renault*

"In its intensity and fervor it is reminiscent of some of the strange colorations and deliberate distortions of El Greco's religious paintings. Nearly half [the book] is devoted to Jesus' life as a young man in Nazareth. It is the transmutation of this God-tormented youth into a figure of resolution and grandeur that is the theme of Kazantzakis' novel." —*New York Herald Tribune*

"A searing, soaring, shocking novel. Kazantzakis has combined the raw materials of Scripture and his own incendiary imagination to set a blaze that illuminates his Manichean struggle between flesh and spirit . . . By his own testimony he wrote this book *'because I wanted to offer a supreme model to the man who struggles. I wanted to show him that he must not fear pain, temptation or death—because all three can be conquered; all three have been conquered'.*" From the lead review in *Time*

THE LAST TEMPTATION OF CHRIST

3rd printing. Price $6. SIMON AND SCHUSTER, PUBLISHERS

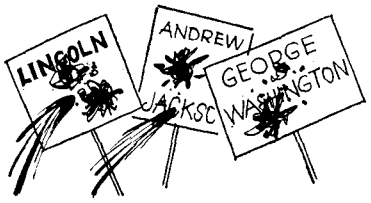
occupations for a man who later became President was carried on by Cleveland. He was once a hangman. And the cost of getting to be President has climbed a long way in the last sixty years. In 1896, William Jennings Bryan *and* his wife, mind you, went to the convention in Chicago with $100. Five days later they went home with the nomination and $40 change."

ARMED WITH THE scent of a good lead, we whisked over to producer Freed's office to forage for any gems of information among the discarded research not used for the show.

The search was rewarding:

In spite of the two-party system, there were seventeen candidates for President in 1956.

In 1848, the Whigs sent Zachary Taylor a letter to his home in Baton



Rouge telling him the good news. He refused to accept, because it was marked: "3 cents postage due."

No matter how history treats them later, the heroes of history were never exempt from mud-slinging:

"The baboon President . . . a low-bred, obscene clown." That was Lincoln.

"A liar . . . a drunkard . . . a thief." Jackson.

"Treacherous in friendship, a hypocrite in private life . . . the world will be puzzled to decide whether he was an apostate or an imposter." That was George Washington. And the man who said it? Thomas Paine.

John Adams said: "If I were to live my life over, I would be a shoemaker."

When Bryan was a candidate, he was known as "The Silver Tongued Orator of the Platte." Said Senator Foraker: "As everyone knows, the Platte is only six inches deep, but six miles wide at the mouth." —JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1384)

MARY ELLEN CHASE:

[*THE*] *LOVELY AMBITION*

No foreigner coming to our shores, provided that his tastes are rural rather than urban, ever forgets, or indeed quite recovers from, his first experience of an American autumn. There is no blazonry on English hills; no New Jerusalem on every mean roadside.

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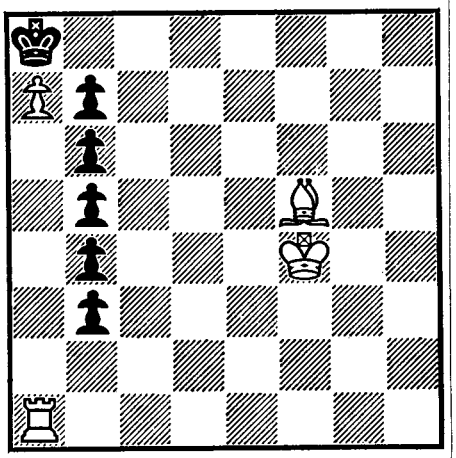
Chess Corner–41

THE ART of problem composition has been so refined over the years that nearly every conceivable idea has been presented in some form or other. Among the admirable traits in a problem are idea, format, economy of presentation, and, last and least, difficulty of solution. Because there is hardly anything new for the master composer, he often resorts to "fairy" chess, an unorthodox branch of the game. In it, newfangled pieces with extraordinary powers augment his studies. Such pieces as "Knightriders," "Chancellors," "Grasshoppers," and a host of others are the tools of his trade.

In the standard problems, which may extend from one to more than a thousand moves, letter and design problems have been added to the curriculum to set a task. Every letter of the alphabet, from A to Z, has already been covered, and accent is presently on design. Such a problem, known as the "Vertical Elevator," is given below.

G. Bridgewater



Mate in six moves

1	B-N1	P-N7	4	R-R4	P-N4
2	R-R2	P-N6	5	R-R5	P-N3
3	R-R3	P-N5	6	B-K4 mate	

—AL HOROWITZ.

Coming in the October 15th Education Supplement:

James B. Conant on the Junior High School Years

•

The Two Party Platforms on Education

Eleanor Roosevelt

YOU LEARN BY LIVING

Mrs. Roosevelt's advice about the problems we all must face sums up what *she* has learned by living, and in this wonderfully helpful book she communicates it person-to-person. $3.95

©Dr. David Gurewitsch

Dr. Schweitzer of Lambaréné

By NORMAN COUSINS

"A painstakingly careful and psychologically sound delineation of one of the world's outstanding living persons . . . Next to Albert Schweitzer's own autobiographies, this book gives a more intimate view into the life, work, purpose and spirit of Dr. Schweitzer than any this reviewer has read . . . A large number of magnificent photographs add beauty to the book."

— PAUL ARTHUR SCHLIPP, *N. Y. Times Book Review.* $3.95

The Man Next To Me

AN ADVENTURE IN AFRICAN MEDICAL EXPERIENCE

By ANTHONY BARKER, M. D.

The vivid story of a doctor and his wife working in a native hospital in Zululand. "A splendid book . . . which helps people to understand life in South Africa . . . compassionate yet objective." — ALAN PATON. "A book that packs much condensed information about the pattern of Zulu living under Apartheid into a few pages . . ." — ORVILLE PRESCOTT, *N. Y. Times.* Illustrated. $3.50

Assignment in Israel

Edited by **BERNARD MANDELBAUM**

Provost, The Jewish Theological Seminary of America

Excitement emanates from the pages of this book in which illustrious visitors to Israel give their accounts of the present achievements and future aspirations of this new state. Simon Greenberg, Bishop James A. Pike, Moshe Davis, Margaret Mead, Leon Keyserling, Anna Sokolow, Zino Francescatti, Dore Schary and James S. Plaut, to name only a few, give their impressions of Israel, and in so doing discuss Jewish-Arab relations, methods of improving education, cultural relations, and free economy versus authoritarian planning. $3.50

At all bookstores

HARPER & BROTHERS, N.Y. 16

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An embarrassment of riches

With a fall list such as this, which has already received the praise it has, presentation becomes extremely difficult. The very profusion of praise tends to hinder. Nevertheless we proceed, with the guarantee that, if you persevere, you will discover manifold reading to fill the winter months.

The upcoming election has precipitated a heightened awareness of the political and economic scene. Two books of contemporary and sophisticated import are John Kenneth Galbraith's **The Liberal Hour** and John Harriman's **It's Your Business.**

Robert Heilbroner speaks of *The Liberal Hour* in terms of its "barbed and witty style, a malicious joy in puncturing the orotund profundities of the Conventional Wisdom, an outrageous propensity to call spades spades . . ."

John Harriman's book cames under the heading of imperative reading. No handbook for success in the stock market, it is an astute, ofttimes frightening, altogether devastating analysis of the world economic situation, its awesome and immediate threat to national welfare and the livelihood of individual Americans.

For background in American traditions, three books are recommended: Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.'s **The Politics of Upheaval;** Irving Bernstein's **The Lean Years;** and historian Elting Morison's biography of Henry L. Stimson, **Turmoil and Tradition.**

Schlesinger's book is hailed by John Gunther as "A major work, and to my mind even more interesting than the two preceding volumes," which is saying a good deal considering the accolades from every quarter for *The Crisis of the Old Order* and *The Coming of the New Deal.*

The Lean Years is a meticulous, well-documented work, a step by step examination of the American worker during the chaotic years 1920-1933. "Fine writing and colorful details," says the *Chicago Tribune,* "it will make a major contribution to understanding of the labor movement."

"An arresting and important book" says John Blum of Elting Morison's *Turmoil and Tradition.* This is the biography of an age, of the man who lived through it, from Roughriders to A-bombs, and of the part this dedicated statesman had in an age of crumbling illusions and shifting sympathies.

"Fascinating," said the *Saturday Review* of Sylvia Sprigge's enlightening biography of the late Bernard Berenson. An intimate acquaintance of the Berensons, Miss Sprigge has had access to conversations and materials which have not been available to other biographers. The result, **Berenson,** is, as *Newsweek* says, "a richly sensitive work."

For frontier buffs, Walter O'Meara's **The Savage Country** and George Stewart's **Ordeal by Hunger** will provide ample fare.

Based primarily on the remarkable journals of Alexander Henry the Younger, novelist O'Meara imparts a sense of immediacy to the activities of the trappers and traders of the North West Company, which, as W. H. Hutchinson says, "deserves and should receive the thanks of all those who love a tale of high adventure."

When George Stewart's account of the historic Donner Party appeared in 1936, the *Saturday Review* had this comment: "As Mr. Stewart tells the tale, it comes to life in horror and tragedy. He writes swiftly, surely, dramatically, and with impartial accuracy." The present edition, revised and enlarged, provides the reader with an unmatched portrait of pioneer life and the particular tragedy of the Donner Party.

"One of the extraordinary, one of the great books of our time . . ." **Let Us Now Praise Famous Men** "was not forgotten, had, indeed, become legendary, and at last it is available." Granville Hicks' opinion is typical of the critic response to the collaborative masterpiece of novelist-critic James Agee and photographer-writer Walker Evans. Published in 1941, with only half the number of photographs the present edition contains, this inspection by the heart of the lives of Southern sharecroppers has become an American classic.

In fiction this fall there are several distinguished and established authors, as well as some provocative newcomers. Stuart Cloete, David Walker, and Louis Auchincloss range far afield in their respective novels of Africa, Canada, and New York.

Cloete's novel, **The Fiercest Heart,** is the story of an exodus. Flavored by the immensity and grandeur of Africa, it is a book which, according to the *Boston Herald,* "gallops yet sees with a sharp eye men and events, hearts, minds, and the sustenance of hope. There is dignity and majesty in it as well as a sure and graphic evocation of time and place, human courage, strength and weakness."

In David Walker's **Where the High Winds Blow,** the reader lives a life with Simon Skafe, born to forge an industrial empire from the vastness of the Far North. From beginnings as a trapper on the Mackenzie to the eminence of a multi-million dollar mining operation, the reader is borne along in the torrent of life that is Skafe, powerful, extraordinary, and unforgettable.

The House of Five Talents by Louis Auchincloss is the already bestselling novel by an author whom Gerald Walker considers "unmatched by any American writer in his brilliance of phrasing and in his ability to sum up a character in a deft, succinct sentence or two." This is the story of the very, very rich and the result is, according to the *New York Times* a "fine and fascinating book . . . Mr. Auchincloss has brought a class to life."

For the newcomers, there is Pati Hill, who has written **Prosper,** a compact novel of life in a French village which strikes Chad Walsh of the *New York Times* as "uncanny. Though the setting is contemporary, the book reads as though it were a previously unpublished work by Stendhal or Maupassant, translated with exquisite skill into English."

Poetry is prefaced by the *Saturday Review's* John Ciardi and his **How Does A Poem Mean** which Kenneth Rexroth considers "the best of the large literature of introductions to poetry. It is singularly clear, direct, forceful, free of faddism and amateur semantics."

Devotees of contemporary poetry will welcome the collections of Galway Kinnell and Anne Sexton, who have both been published in the *Hudson Review* and the *New Yorker.* Robert Lowell praises Anne Sexton's **To Bedlam and Part Way Back** for its "Swift lyrical openness . . . an almost Russian abundance and accuracy. Her poems stick in my mind." Galway Kinnell's **What A Kingdom It Was** contains a poem, its last and longest, which Selden Rodman calls "the freshest, most exciting, and by far most readable poem of a bleak decade."

Houghton Mifflin Company

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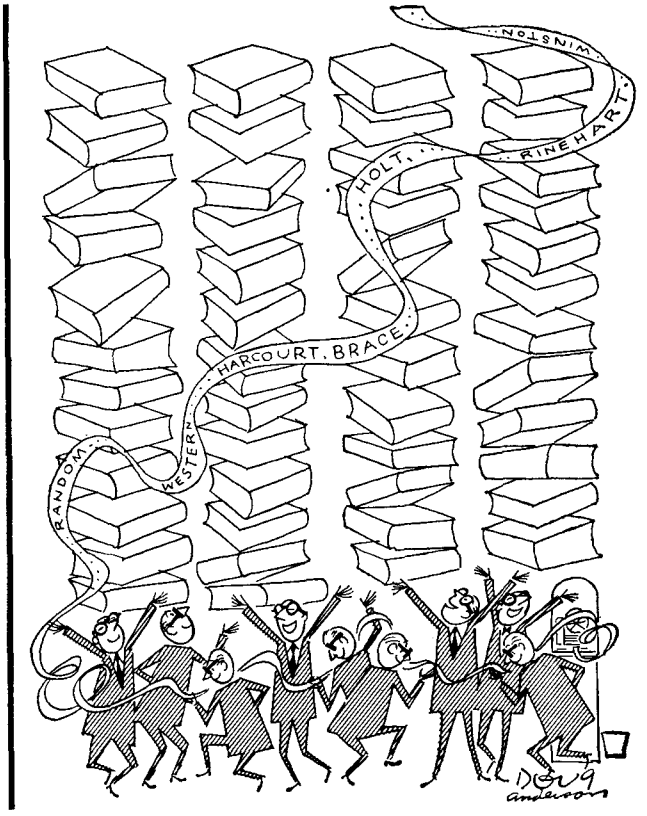
Saturday Review
OCTOBER 8, 1960

In an age when the measure of all things often seems to be the market place, the publishing of books has generally been regarded as a happy exception—and justifiably so. Since its infancy, when the great scholar-printers of the Renaissance were guided more by merit than money, publishing has traditionally been, in Frederic Warburg's phrase, an occupation for gentlemen, one whose center has been considerably closer to the groves of Academe than to Wall Street. And so, in part, it still is. Yet several significant events of recent months suggest that a profound change may be in the offing. The spate of mergers, sales, and births of new houses, which has already given publishing something of a split personality, may in time, many observers believe, produce a fundamental and irreparable alteration of character. How much of this fear is justified, how much groundless? The best evidence is the publishing houses themselves, the men who run them, and the books they produce. This is the evidence weighed here by R. W. Apple, Jr., a writer for one of the nation's leading financial publications and a close student of the publishing industry.



THE GOLD RUSH ON PUBLISHERS' ROW

By R. W. APPLE, Jr.

IF YOU would measure the thinking of Wall Street in a few minutes, you could hardly do better than to station yourself some weekday afternoon in the bar of Eberlin's, a venerable restaurant just down the street from the back door of the New York Stock Exchange. It is to the financial district what Lindy's is to the Broadway crowd, and the conversation there is a fair index to the enthusiasms of the moment among the nation's money managers.

For many months now, the names of the corporations caught up in the age of electronics and space have been much in evidence, shunting aside talk of older, more prosaic companies. But recently, very recently, a most incongruous group of names has joined those of IBM and Aerojet and Texas Instruments in the *ad hoc* debate on the merits of securities. To the outsider, the new names—names like Random House and Harcourt, Brace and Henry Holt—seem oddly out of place; it is as if he had stumbled into Lindy's and encountered a discussion of Schopenhauer.

The explanation is not that Wall Street has overnight become a den of bibliophiles. It is simply that Wall Street, after decades of treating the book publishing industry with indifference, has suddenly decided that it merits the kind of feverish attention the Street devotes to industries it deems to have the potential for rapid, dazzling growth.

By itself, this sudden discovery on the part of the financial community would be of major significance in the slightly fusty world of book publishing. But it is only one development, albeit the most important, in a torrent of events that is engulfing the industry.

Consider, for example, such occurrences as the disappearance from book spines of the name Henry Holt & Company, venerated in the trade since Reconstruction, and its replacement by the Holt, Rinehart & Winston imprint; a publishing house merger reported by *The New York Times* not on its book page or even in its financial section, but on a front page choked with news of a Presidential campaign and a turbulent Africa; and the birth of new houses in numbers unmatched since the fertile days between wars when a dozen major firms were established.

THE stories appear, pell-mell, day after day. World acquires Meridian, the Los Angeles *Times-Mirror* buys the New American Library, Crowell-Collier moves in at Macmillan, Random House absorbs Alfred A. Knopf. Western Publishing, Harcourt, Brace, Random House, and Holt, Rinehart & Winston float stock issues. McCall's, with $12 million in liquid assets on hand, goes looking for a company that will give it entrée into book publishing. Time, Inc., and Ziff-Davis set up book divisions.

It would be foolhardy to try to explain all this turmoil in one or two pat phrases, for each development grew out of a particular set of circumstances. But it is no exaggeration to say that the textbook, an item heretofore regarded without enthusiasm by nearly everyone, bulks large in the story. Visions of

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booming textbook sales are largely responsible for awakening Wall Street to the investment possibilities of the publishing industry, and the Street's newly receptive mood has made possible many of the other developments.

"It all started," says Robert P. Bingaman of Hayden, Stone & Company, a brokerage firm, "when some guy down here realized that the baby boom was going to mean more than gigantic sales of diapers and baby food. Now all of a sudden everyone thinks that textbooks are a foolproof growth situation. And they're right; you just can't miss with all those kids to educate."

The fever seemed to grip everyone at once, about a year ago. A dozen brokerage houses worked up enthusiastic analyses of the industry. *Fortune* got out an article on Henry Holt & Company, *Barron's* and *Business Week* did industry surveys, and *The New York Times* assigned a city desk man to do a wrap-up of the whole thing for the financial page.

Nor has the interest been confined to the professionals. The distributions of stock in Random House, Harcourt, Brace, and Holt, Rinehart & Winston —the latter a result of a merger in midyear—were heavily oversubscribed. When the Western Publishing issue came onto the market, a large and influential customer asked his broker to buy 2,000 shares for his account, but the supply of shares was rationed so tightly that he could get only 100.

Succeeding weeks have seen the prices of these shares climb with the sort of consistency that puts investors merrily to work calculating capital gains. Holt, Rinehart & Winston common has gone from $44.875 to about $49, Western Publishing from $42 to about $61. The 493,425 shares of Harcourt, Brace stock which were offered at $23.50 each on the morning of August 25 were worth almost $29 each by dinnertime of the same day. And these things have come about while the market as a whole has been in a deep sag.

One way to tell what stocks the financial community regards as good bets for growth is to look at the ratio between a corporation's profits and the price of its stock, a relationship known as the price/earnings ratio or simply the P/E ratio. The higher this figure, the more attention investors are giving to future prospects, and, conversely, the less they are giving to current operations.

Many publishing stocks have been selling in recent weeks at twenty, thirty, even forty times earnings—an almost incredible reversal of the situation that prevailed two or three years ago, when, in the words of one bemused broker, "you could pick up any publishing stock that interested you for six or eight times earnings. Nobody gave a damn." By comparison, the Dow-Jones industrial average, that representative cross section of blue-chip stocks (including U. S. Steel, General Motors, and DuPont, among others) has a current P/E ratio of 19.7.

It is known that at least three major publishers—Pocket Books, Ginn, and Scott, Foresman—will be on the market with public offerings of their stock within the next few months. The success of the previous offerings, naturally enough, has prompted virtually every investment banking house in the Street to go calling on publishers who might be interested in getting rid of a few thousand shares. At the same time, according to James Kobak of J. K. Lasser & Company, the accounting firm, at least three mergers involving major houses are under discussion.

THE impact of Wall Street money, Wall Street men, and Wall Street thinking on the publishing industry is bound to be greater than it would be on, say, the machine tool industry. Since the days of men like Henry Holt and Charles Scribner, American publishers have been, for the most part, entrepreneurs as interested in publishing good books as in making great fortunes, and the industry has consequently had few of the trappings of modern capitalism. How much the picture will change is difficult to say, but if the collision of Henry Holt & Company and a man named Edgar Rigg is an augury, the transformation may be breathtaking.

A chunky, thin-lipped man with a blunt manner, Rigg has been president of Holt since 1949, and now heads its successor, Holt, Rinehart & Winston. By his own admission, he has never been an avid reader of books; but he has always been a keen analyst of securities, and that is why he and his company are where they are today.

Rigg went into Wall Street in the late Twenties, and by 1945 had become a vice president of Standard & Poor's Corporation, a Wall Street firm that publishes a number of statistical services for businessmen. About that time, Clint Murchison, the Texas oilman, began buying into Holt, largely at the behest of J. Patrick Lannan, a deft corporate juggler whose extracurricular passions included the writings of Ernie Pyle—a Holt author—and (of all things) *Poetry* magazine. Once he had a chance to see how things at Holt were going, Rigg says, Murchison became worried and asked him to sit on the board.

Wise in the ways of the modern corporation, Rigg was horrified by the way Holt was operating; he called it a "tea party." When he agreed to become president, he immediately introduced a raft of new management techniques, including an efficient system of inventory control. This was part of the answer to rebuilding profits, but it was not enough; some way had to be found to give the business stability.

Rigg soon discovered that there is no way to be sure that a trade book operation will consistently make money. Even though the industry as a whole sold almost $70 million worth of trade books in 1959 (up from $47 million in 1952) most publishers lost money on three out of four such books they published during the year. Only a few managed to recoup their losses with the profits from a couple of best-sellers.

The economic cards are simply too heavily stacked against the trade book publisher, whose wares are directed to the general public. On an average $5 book, the bookstore takes $2, the author 75 cents, printing expenses and promotion $1.25. The dollar that is left must cover all the overhead, which it can do only if the book sells between 5,000 and 10,000 copies, a feat accomplished by only a small fraction of the books published each year. Of course, when a book like Holt's "Folk Medicine" sells over 450,000 copies, it can pay for an impressive number of flops, especially since the longer press run tends to lower the cost per copy.

Nevertheless, without the income they get from the sale of reprint, book club, and magazine serialization rights, most publishers would never get their trade operations into the black. Rights can amount to a lot of money; the paperback rights alone to "Bonjour Tristesse" are said to have brought $75,000, split fifty-fifty by publisher and author. In addition to rights, every successful publisher must have a further hedge against the vagaries of trade publishing. Alfred Knopf has his impressive backlist in both hard and soft covers; Random House has the Modern Library; Doubleday has a string of twenty-four book clubs. But the best answer, and the one that Edgar Rigg saw for Henry Holt, is textbooks.

For one thing, textbook sales are made in bulk. The state board of education, or the local school board, or the college bookstore, buys the sanctioned text for all the students under its supervision. For another, repeat sales are commonplace, because most such buyers, having fixed upon a text for, say, fifth-grade arithmetic, are unlikely to change their minds if the text is kept up to date. And, finally, the market is growing.

The volume of textbook sales has more than doubled in the last decade, largely as a result of the postwar baby

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boom. Last year the total was $313.7 million—$216.8 million in elementary and high schools, and $96.9 million in colleges and universities. A further boost has been given to the potential of the market by the post-Sputnik clamor for better science and language education.

All of this makes much more sense to Rigg than trade book ventures. In a recent interview, he summed up his philosophy this way:

"I approach publishing just the way I would approach any other business. There is much more money in textbooks; it's a much safer proposition. There's a lot of romance but damn little profit in trade books, and I'm not interested in romance. Why are we in trade books at all? Well, I wouldn't say we do it as a public relations front, exactly, but we do feel it builds a desirable corporate image for us."

This approach, natural enough for a man with his eye on the balance sheet, gives a split personality to the Holt list. In textbooks, where the buying is done by a relatively sophisticated audience, quality makes money, so Holt gives them quality. But in trade books, where only a flood of single sales will pay off, marketability makes money, so Holt gives them marketability—and the kind of mediocrity that so often goes with it. (Rigg once primly told an interviewer that he would refuse to publish "Peyton Place," because it would tarnish Holt's textbook reputation. Yet the company last month brought out a sequel to "Folk Medicine," despite the widespread derision which that book has evoked in responsible medical circles.)

To further his textbook ambitions, Rigg went shopping for a company that would complement Holt's strength in the high school field. Rebuffed in his overtures to Macmillan, he turned to Rinehart, whose Rinehart Editions are widely used in college English courses, and to the John C. Winston Company of Philadelphia, which had a solid elementary list. The result, after eight months of negotiations, was Holt, Rinehart & Winston, Inc., which now has probably the broadest line of textbooks in the business.

Holt issued 205,891 shares of its common stock to Winston shareholders and 96,891 shares to Rinehart stockholders to complete the merger. Since Holt shares were then selling at about $45, the transaction had a value of something like $13.5 million, which is big money in a business whose total annual volume is smaller than the profits of General Motors.

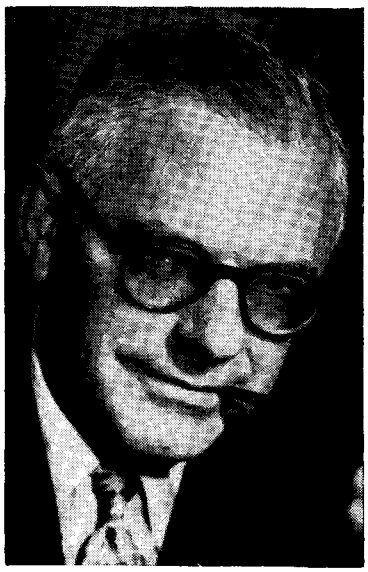
Later, the Murchison interests and some of the people who had received Holt shares in the merger expressed an

(*Continued on page 47*)

The Varied Faces of Publishing

"There is no contention here that archaic methods are desirable in any business. There is nothing more virtuous in publishing T. S. Eliot with a sloppy shipping room than there is in publishing T. S. Eliot with an efficient shipping room. But after the shipping room is squared away, is not the temptation to straighten out the editors, too?"

Geis's Bernard Geis



Random House's Bennett Cerf

Knopf's Alfred A. Knopf

—*Newsweek Photo-Al Giese*

Atheneum's Alfred Knopf, Jr., Hiram Haydn, and Simon Michael Bessie

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A Search for Days Gone By

By Granville Hicks

IN THE 1930s those of us in this country who were leftist in politics and were interested in the development of what we called revolutionary or proletarian literature were heartened by the emergence in England of a group of talented poets whose sympathies were akin to ours. In "New Country," for instance, an anthology edited by Michael Roberts in 1933, we found "Letter to a Young Revolutionary," by C. Day Lewis, a poem by W. H. Auden entitled "A Communist to Others," and an essay by Stephen Spender, "Poetry and Revolution." Auden, Spender, Lewis—these were new names to us then, but they became increasingly familiar as the decade went by.

Many years have passed, and political opinions have changed on both sides of the Atlantic. Reputations have changed too. Auden is now generally accepted as one of the major poets of our time. Spender is less highly esteemed, but both his poetry and his journalism continue to be read. Lewis has gone on publishing poetry, but rather quietly, and he has been better known, under the name of Nicholas Blake, as a writer of detective stories.

Lewis's autobiography, **"The Buried Day"** (Harper, $3.95), should bring him out of his semi-obscurity, for it is, in its gentle way, an exciting book, wonderfully straightforward, brilliantly perceptive. Always thoughtful of others, Lewis is starkly but unostentatiously candid about himself. He seeks neither to shock nor to impress the reader; what he is looking for is simply self-understanding.

Early in the book he writes:

> How often, reading an autobiography, am I amazed by the vividness and detail of the author's recollections. The texture of his great-grandmother's Sunday dress; the ornaments on an aunt's mantelshelf; the exact layout of a house he has not re-entered since childhood or the very words of a conversation overheard fifty years ago—how can he see them, hear them, feel them with such preternatural accuracy? and not only the detail, but often the specific tone of the experience? It makes me feel like a man, almost blind from birth, listening to the talk of those who can see. My capacity for forgetting seems bottomless: names, faces, places, all disappear through the hole, most of them irretrievably. Friends comfort me for this affliction by telling me that my memory is selective—when I need a recollection for a poem, it comes up. Well, sometimes it does: but how shadowy you feel, how much at the mercy of the insubstantial present, knowing there are so many thousands of days, so many layers of past selves buried within you, yet seldom able to recover one article of the hoard intact.

The quotation, which may suggest something of the tone of the book and quality of the writing, points to the significance of the title. Lewis is frankly carrying on a search for lost times, and, in spite of his alleged affliction, he recovers impressive areas. He was born in Ireland in 1904, of Anglo-Irish stock on both sides of the family, but his father, a curate, soon moved to England. When Lewis was four, his mother died, and thereafter his relationship with his father became the major force in his life. Of that relationship, as it developed over years spent in a series of parishes, he writes with astringent honesty and yet with gentle affection.

Anyone who was born between the turn of the century and the beginning of World War I was born in a world quite different from that in which he was destined to come to maturity. The life Lewis describes, so quiet, so hedged in by convention, so confident of the eternal verities, seems not so much Edwardian as Victorian. He writes about it, as he writes about everything, with an appealing mixture of objectivity and appreciation, and his account is wholly persuasive.

Lewis's school was Sherborne, and, though he speaks of the prolongation of his adolescence, it is clear that at this time he began to find himself. The process was accelerated at Oxford. Lewis does not romanticize his college years; on the contrary, he sees this as a restless and rather unhappy period; but he was stimulated in ways that were good for a poet. Of his teachers the only one who seems to have influenced him strongly was Maurice Bowra, dean of Wadham College, who has since become known to the world as a student of literature. Among Lewis's undergraduate friends were Rex Warner and later W. H. Auden, with whom he edited "Oxford Poetry 1927." Other literary acquaintances were L. A. G. Strong, Humbert Wolfe, and Robert Graves. "He must have been," he writes of himself at the time he left Oxford, "an awkward customer in many ways, with his moodiness and fitful enthusiasms and the rudeness to which his cult of intellectual honesty could tempt him." But whatever else he was, he was a poet.

He had a living to earn, and for the next few years he earned it as teacher in various schools, an occupation for which he had at the outset a strong distaste and to which he was never fully reconciled. He married in these years, and he wrote his first detective story as well as poetry. The poetry he published in the early Thirties—for instance, "The Magnetic Mountain"—showed how far to the left he was moving. His account of how and why he turned left, eventually joining the Communist Party, is subtle and revealing. He tells why Communism appealed to him, what reservations he had about it, what satisfactions membership in the party gave him, and how ultimately, without rejecting Communist dogma at the moment, he decided that political action was not for him. I know of no account about experience with Communism more resolutely honest than this.

After deciding to abandon the political life, and in order to make his decision effective, he moved to the country, and he writes some admirable pages on his rural experiences. He also alludes briefly to a personal crisis through which he was passing. In effect, however, the book ends about 1938, and this is not, I gather, because Lewis plans a sequel but because he feels that he cannot write about the later years without giving pain to others. The reader regrets his decision: there is some distance between the man whom we leave in 1938 and the man who has written this book, and one would like to be able to follow the change. But of course his scruples have to be respected.

As it stands, the book is a great delight. We are beset these days with synthetic autobiographies, carefully calculated to entertain and impress. This is one man's story, told as searchingly and truthfully as he can tell it. Lewis has both a poet's eye for the external world and a poet's insight into the mysteries of the inner man. He tells the story without a shadow of pretension and with as little vanity as can be expected of a human being. He has sought for self-knowledge, and he has gone further towards achieving it than most people can hope to do.

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The Critics Go to the Poll

FORTY-ONE literary critics, representing the country's major newspapers, recommend nearly as many titles in this seasonal census of stimulating books published during the two months preceding October 15. John Hersey, who a year ago ranked third with "The War Lover," tops the current tally with thirteen votes for his new novel, "The Child Buyer." Twelve critics, however, named "The Politics of Upheaval," by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.; ten were for Vance Packard's "The Waste Makers"; nine for "Seedtime on the Cumberland," by Harriette Simpson Arnow. These and titles receiving from one to four votes are listed below.

THIRTEEN VOTES

THE CHILD BUYER. By John Hersey. Knopf. $4.

Angered by the sorry state of American high-school education, Mr. Hersey has written a satirical morality tale of corruption in a small New England town. (Barkham, Bingham, Bradley, Flowers, Hogan, Laycock, McManis, Menn, Nichols, Peckham, Perkins, Price, Sherman.)

TWELVE VOTES

THE POLITICS OF UPHEAVAL. By Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Houghton, Mifflin. $6.95.

The author's shrewd analysis of the New Deal in 1935 and 1936 is strengthened by pungent portraits of La Guardia, Huey Long, Harold Ickes, Harry Hopkins, and others. (Barkham, Bingham, Bond, Bradley, Cross, Hogan, Menn, Nichols, Nordell, Reid, Snajdr, Tinkle.)

TEN VOTES

THE WASTE MAKERS. By Vance Packard. McKay. $4.50.

This sequel to "The Hidden Persuaders" and "The Status Seekers" indicts the rampant commercialization in this country, which makes no distinction between healthful productivity and overconsumption. (Bradley, Derleth, Hass, Hogan, Nichols, Nordell, Price, Reid, Rogers, Sherman.)

NINE VOTES

SEEDTIME ON THE CUMBERLAND. By Harriette Simpson Arnow. Macmillan. $7.50.

The courageous men and women who defied the frontier's perils and deprivations people this well-documented history of southern Kentucky and middle Tennessee. (Beatty, Copeland, Douglas, Flowers, Laycock, McManis, McSherry, Rogers, Troy.)

OTHER SELECTIONS

ANNA TELLER. By Jo Sinclair. McKay. $5.95.

ARE YOU HUNGRY ARE YOU COLD. By Ludwig Bemelmans. World. $3.95.

BERENSON: A Biography. By Sylvia Sprigge. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

BETTER THAN WORKING. By Patrick S. Catling. Macmillan. $3.95.

THE BLACK BOOK. By Lawrence Durrell. Dutton. $4.95.

THE BURDEN OF SOUTHERN HISTORY. By C. Vann Woodward. Louisiana State University Press.

CASANOVA'S CHINESE RESTAURANT. By Anthony Powell. Little, Brown. $4.

CHARLES SUMNER AND THE COMING OF THE CIVIL WAR. By David Donald. Knopf. $6.75.

THE CONSPIRATORS. By Geoffrey Bailey. 269 pp. Harper. $4.95.

DECISION AT TRAFALGAR. By Dudley Pope Warner. Lippincott. $5.95.

DUEL AT THE BRINK. By Roscoe Drummond and Gaston Coblentz. Doubleday. $3.95.

FIRMAMENT OF TIME. By Loren Eiseley. Atheneum. $3.50.

GOD'S ODDLING. By Jesse Stuart. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

GOODBYE TO A RIVER. By John Graves. Knopf. $4.50.

HERITAGE OF MAN. By Goldwin Smith. Scribners. $12.50.

THE HOUSE OF FIVE TALENTS. By Louis Auchincloss. Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.

KNOW NOTHING. By Mary Lee Settle. Viking. $4.95.

MADELEINE AUSTRIAN. By Robert Kirsch. Simon & Schuster. $4.50.

MELISANDE. By Margery Sharp. Little, Brown. $2.95.

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF THE GODS. By André Malraux. Doubleday. $20.

A MIRROR FOR ANGLO-SAXONS. By Martin Green. Harper. $4.50.

NEITHER WAR NOR PEACE. By Hugh Seton-Watson. Praeger. $7.50.

NOW WE ARE ENEMIES. By Thomas Fleming. St. Martin's Press. $5.

A NUMBER OF THINGS. By Honor Tracy. Random House. $3.95.

PATTERN OF PERFECTION. By Nancy Hale. Little, Brown. $4.

PORTRAIT OF MAX. By S. N. Behrman. Random House. $6.

THE PUBLIC YEARS. By Bernard Baruch. Holt. $6.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH. By William L. Shirer. Simon & Schuster. $10.

ROME FOR OURSELVES. By Aubrey Menen. McGraw-Hill. $15.

SCOTCHMAN'S RETURN AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Hugh MacLennan. Scribners. $4.50.

SEVEN AGAINST THE NIGHT. By Paul Eldridge. Yoseloff. $6.

SOT WEED FACTOR. By John Barth. Doubleday. $7.50.

SOWING. By Leonard Woolf. Harcourt, Brace. $4.50.

START WITH THE SUN: Studies in Cosmic Poetry. By James E. Miller, Jr., Karl Shapiro, and Bernice Slote. University of Nebraska Press. $4.75.

(*Continued on page* 45)

The Newspaper Critics

HOLMES ALEXANDER, *Tampa Tribune*
JOHN BARKHAM, Saturday Review *Syndicate*
RICHMOND BEATTY, *The Nashville Tennessean*
MARY BINGHAM, *Louisville Courier-Journal*
ALICE DIXON BOND, *Boston Herald*
VAN ALLEN BRADLEY, *Chicago Daily News*
ALEXANDER C. BROWN, *Newport News*
ERNEST CADY, *Columbus Dispatch*
EDITH COPELAND, *Sunday Oklahoman*
LESLIE CROSS, *Milwaukee Journal*
AUGUST DERLETH, *Sauk City Capital-Times*
MAURICE DOLBIER, *New York Herald Tribune*
MARY S. DOUGLAS, *Nashville Banner*
A. D. EMMART, *The Baltimore Sun*
PAUL FLOWERS, *Memphis Commercial Appeal*
HUDSON GRUNEWALD, *Washington Star*
VICTOR P. HASS, *Omaha World-Herald*
THEODORE HOLDEN, *Hartford Times*
WILLIAM HOGAN, JR., *San Francisco Chronicle*
HERBERT KENNEY, *Indianapolis News*
EDWARD A. LAYCOCK, *Boston Globe*
WILLIAM MAY, *Newark Evening News*
JOHN MCMANIS, *Detroit News*
ELIZABETH MCSHERRY, *The Hartford Courant*
THORPE MENN, *Kansas City Star*
ROBERT MOLYNEUX, *Pittsburgh Press*
JOHN MORELAND, *Oakland Tribune*
LUTHER NICHOLS, *San Francisco Examiner*
ROD NORDELL, *The Christian Science Monitor*
STANTON PECKHAM, *Denver Post*
ROBERT L. PERKIN, Denver *Rocky Mountain News*
EMERSON PRICE, *Cleveland Press*
MARGARET W. REID, *Wichita Daily Times*
W. G. ROGERS, Associated Press
JOHN K. SHERMAN, *Minneapolis Star & Tribune*
THOMAS B. SHERMAN, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*
ROBERT I. SNAJDR, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*
LON TINKLE, *The Dallas News*
GEORGE TROY, *Providence Journal*
JOHN C. WYLLIE, *Richmond News Leader*
WIRD WILLIAMS, *Los Angeles Times*

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THE LITERARY SAMPLER

EXCERPTS FROM FORTHCOMING BOOKS

Dietary Dogma

THE STRONGLY emotional basis of many food fads can be seen in the statement on white bread—the rejection of modern, "machine-age" methods, and the preference for the old, simple, allegedly "natural" way of eating. The more a food product has been subjected to modern processes, the more profoundly it is distrusted. Unpolished rice and brown bread are thought to be infinitely superior to their respective white counterparts; and some faddists even insist on paying several times as much for their flour to be certain that it is waterground with a genuine millstone, not mercilessly pulverized by a modern machine. Thus, food faddism comes close to being a way of life.

—From "The Health Hucksters," by Ralph Lee Smith (to be published by Crowell this month).

Cultural Quackery

INSTEAD of people reading a book, or listening to music the way they'd like to eat a hamburger, they approach it piously . . . like a bunch of damned atheists in church . . . the whole atmosphere, I say, is fakery. It makes for cultural scoutmasters *and* beatniks, all those second-rate people who have come into some kind of prominence. Well, I don't say there'll ever be a society where phonies will not be possible, but if people had any real feeling for literature this wouldn't be possible.

—J. F. POWERS.

I mistrust the wildly original in the very young. I really do. They come to nothing. . . . The real solid ones work up to a meaning and a tone and a signature of their own. . . . It's the signature of your own that counts and I don't see any way of acquiring it except by continual work.

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY.

—From "Catholics in Conversation," by Donald McDonald (to be published by Lippincott this month).

Millionaires Need Artists

ONE DAY, I found myself sitting on a park bench. I had less than seven dollars in the world. . . . A fellow sitting on the same bench got up, walked away, and left behind him a magazine. The mild breeze fingered the pages over one by one. A headline flashed: MILLIONAIRES SHOULD HELP ARTISTS. It was a copy of *The Literary Digest*. The article was an interview with Otto Kahn, the senior partner in Kahn, Loeb & Company . . . and chairman of the board and principal patron of the Metropolitan Opero Company. . . . He believed that America needed to develop artists and that people like himself should use their surplus wealth for this purpose. The problem was to spend it on the right people.

The question was, Was I one of the right people? How was I to convince him of it? I wrote and rewrote a telegram to Mr. Kahn telling him what I had done, and asking for a loan of two hundred dollars to get myself and my family to New York so I could look for a job in the theatre. When it was just right, I sent it, and had two dollars and twenty cents left. . . . Two days later Western Union phoned to say that they had two hundred dollars for me if I would come and identify myself.

—From "Miracle in the Evening," by Norman Bel Geddes (to be published by Doubleday this month).

Parental Prerogative

"FOR THE children's sake" is one of the most unanswerable arguments in the conventional repertoire of American conversation; it removes virtually all questions from the realm of debate, particularly those that involve one's neighborhood or style of life, and are likely to be subject to the worst anxieties.

—From "The Self-Conscious Society," by Eric Larrabee (to be published by Doubleday in November).

Queens at Court

WHERE [Elizabeth] was parsimonious, Mary was a lavish giver who never counted the cost. Both had courage, but Elizabeth's was tempered with caution, Mary's blazed like an unsheathed blade. Men served Elizabeth, and fell in love with Mary. . . . Elizabeth felt as a woman and thought as a man. She allowed others to make her mistakes, for she took so much into account that she refused to come to a decision. . . . Mary was entangled in her own mistakes all her life.

—From "Mary, Queen of Scots," by N. Brysson Morrison (to be published by Vanguard Press this month).

Diagnosis Delinquency

INDEED, *official* policy has often worked to increase delinquency rather than remedy it. . . . Slums have been torn down wholesale, disrupting established community life. By not building on vacant land and by neglecting master planning, our officials have created insoluble problems of relocation and have vastly increased the number of one-room flats, making decent family life impossible. (Suppose you were fifteen years old and returned home at 11 p.m., as the Mayor urges, to a room with Mama and Papa in one bed and two little brothers in your bed and a baby yowling; you might well stay out till four in the morning.)

—From "Growing Up Absurd," by Paul Goodman (to be published by Random House this month).

Country Club Economy

THE FACT that society women periodically go on economy waves when they serve spaghetti and meat balls and buy skirts in Ohrbach's—or its local equivalent—cannot be taken too seriously. The economies seldom mean dropping membership in the yacht club or withdrawing the daughters from the subdebutante dancing group.

—From "The Private World of High Society," by Lucy Kavaler (to be published this month by McKay).

Art and the Artist

THE FUNDAMENTAL purpose of the artist is the same as that of the scientist: to state a fact. And the fundamental purpose of attending to works of art is not to enjoy values, but as in science to establish truths. . . .

The artist is merely a medium, a channel, for forces that are impersonal, and though there can be no great art without enabling instruments of sensibility and talent, it is the power and

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purpose with which those instruments are used that make the difference between the major work of art and those trivial but charming expressions of sentiment. . . . The fact that the very gifts that enable major works of art to be created are often used by the same artist for minor effects . . . should not blind us to the radical difference which nevertheless exists between the songs and lyrics of Shakespeare or Goethe, and works like "Lear" and "Faust."

—From "The Forms of Things Unknown," by Herbert Read (to be published by Horizon this month).

Company Manners

HAVE you noticed a strange thing about etiquette books? They are all written for grown-ups. Us.

I really don't understand it. Most adults have lovely manners; it's a pleasure to have them around. Ask an adult to hand you your glasses and he says, "Here they are, dear." He doesn't put them behind his back and say, "Guess which hand?" And when you give him a birthday present he doesn't burst into tears and say, "I already have Chinese checkers." What I wish is that Emily and Amy and the others would get to work on the real trouble area—people under twelve.

—From "The Snake Has All the Lines," by Jean Kerr (to be published by Doubleday this month).

Opera in the Village

TAMARA said: "Lou and I never had a date where you had dinner and maybe a drink after and then went home to bed. We didn't have a love affair, we had a grand opera. . . .

"Sometimes," Tamara said, "it was Act 1, Scene 1, and we were A Pair of Students in Old Heidelberg. We'd walk arm in arm down MacDougal Street, having a beer with other Young Lovers, singing songs at corner tables, borrowing money charmingly from waiters. We were always talking about the Emancipation of Woman.

"Very often, though, we were Verdi. Or do I mean Puccini? Once Lou wanted to leave me and I began to cry and accused him of never having really loved me. He told me it was only For My Own Good; he couldn't let me go on throwing my life away on him. I told him that if women *were* emancipated they had as much right as a man to waste their lives, but he wouldn't agree. He just began to cry himself."

—From "Saloon Society," by Bill Manville (to be published by Duell, Sloan & Pearce next week).

Snapshots of Autumn Novelists

John Updike
"Rabbit Run"

—Arthur Knight

Vance Bourjaily
"Confessions of a Spent Youth"

Sloan Wilson and children
"Sense of Values"

Lin Tai-yi
"The Lilacs Overgrown"

—Gilbert Highet

Helen MacInnes
"Decision at Delphi"

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The Conservative Internationalist

"Turmoil and Tradition: A Study of the Life and Times of Henry L. Stimson," by Elting E. Morison *(Houghton Mifflin. 686 pp. $7.50), portrays an old-fashioned liberal, a statesman with principles who, like other mortals, sometimes made mistakes. James MacGregor Burns, who is a professor of political science at Williams College, wrote "Roosevelt: The Lion and the Fox."*

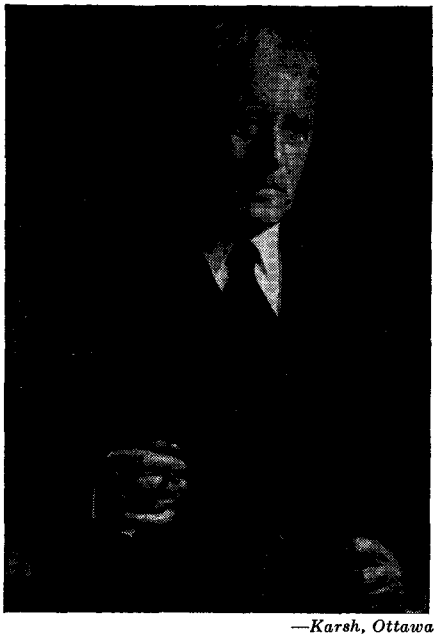
By James MacGregor Burns

HENRY L. STIMSON was United States District Attorney under Theodore Roosevelt, Secretary of War under Taft, Governor General in the Philippines under Coolidge, Secretary of State under Hoover, and Secretary of War under Franklin D. Roosevelt during the Second World War. He was a fussy, rigid, puritanical man, not especially bright, a slow starter. He was also dogged, high-minded, well prepared, hard-working, and a strong finisher.

Above all, he was a man of principle trying to cope with a flood of new problems in a long life that stretched over revolutionary times. The nature of his principles, the tumultuous events on which they were brought to bear, and the role of the man who tried to link principle to problem form the heart of this important study.

Stimson believed in God, country, and Yale; in Methodist ideas of Right, Truth, and Duty; in the precept that those you trust will thereby become more trustworthy; in the conservatism of Burke and Adams that wanted to preserve and by gradual modification to improve. Those were his key moral principles. His operating principles led him to favor civil and procedural liberties, a strong national government and centralized bureaucracy, political leadership by broad-minded businessmen, active participation in the world community by the United States, and moderate social welfare programs granted by benevolent conservatives rather than won by Democratic politicians and union bosses.

Sometimes these principles seemed to help Stimson meet and master the practical problems he faced as an administrator. He was a good Governor General of the Philippines in part because of his missionary attitude toward the islands' needs, his grasp of orderly, centralized administration, and his sense of duty. He rightly opposed Jeffersonian, Populist reforms for American politics—the long ballot, short legislative terms, exaggerated separation of powers—that won great popularity at the turn of the century. His simple patriotism and courage enabled him to oppose Japanese aggression in China in 1932 when other statesmen temporized.



—Karsh, Ottawa

Henry L. Stimson—"dogged, high-minded, hard-working, and a strong finisher."

Sometimes, on the other hand, his principles seemed ill suited to the revolutionary conditions of the twentieth century. "The chief lesson I have learned in a long life," he told President Truman in 1945, "is that the only way you can make a man trustworthy is to trust him; and the surest way to make him untrustworthy is to distrust him and show him your distrust." He had learned this first in Skull and Bones at Yale, according to the author. Therefore Stimson proposed to Truman that the United States share the atom with Russia. He even thought at one point, old-fashioned liberal that he was, that offering the atom to Russia could be used to compel the Soviets to adopt civil liberties and the other classic political freedoms.

Sometimes, alas, it seemed that Stimson's principles could stand by idle. Such was the case in the relocation of the Japanese-Americans after Pearl Harbor. Despite his belief in civil liberties and due process, Stimson as Secretary of War (after conferring with Roosevelt) approved the evacuation of the Japanese to concentration camps, which turned out to be one of the worst mistakes of the war. He was an internationalist who wanted United States participation in some kind of League of Nations and then voted for Harding, who favored close economic ties among nations but supported the Republican high tariff in 1932.

IF Stimson had been a vote-hungering politician these compromises would have been more understandable. But he was not a politician in that sense. His one try for office—as Republican candidate for Governor of New York—was a failure. Urged to "ginger up" his speeches, he cried out: "I can't be saying I, I, I, all the time." But he did compromise in another way, by remaining in a party that was, at its core, isolationist in foreign policy and conservative in economic matters. For all his elevated principles, Stimson at election time would come down on the side of Taft against TR, of Harding against Wilson, of Hoover against Roosevelt. For half a year out of the four he swallowed hard and became a practical politician.

But not at the end. In 1940, at the age of seventy-two, Stimson became Roosevelt's Secretary of War at a critical moment. Republicans tried to read him out of his party for this act of "treachery." But at last Stimson had found a home where he could fight Nazism, which seemed contrary to all that he stood for. After the war, freed of his binding party ties, he battled for his old principles. He backed the Marshall Plan; he denounced McCarthyism; he refused to speak for the GOP because of its isolationist tendencies.

Mr. Morison, professor of history at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has treated his subject with compassion and with a critical, probing pen. He has full control of the complex phases of Stimson's career. His evocation of the mood of the times, especially in Stimson's earlier years, is superb. There may be some imbalance; there is, I think, too much attention to details of foreign policy administration and not enough to Stimson's relations with his party. But the author has achieved brilliantly his aim of following Stimson's long journey out of the innocence of the nineteenth century into the tumult of the twentieth.

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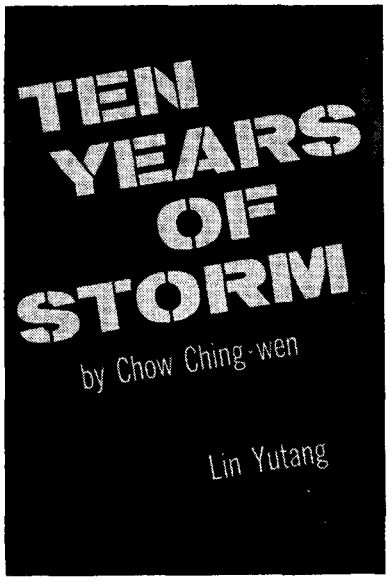
Books in the News



A Time to Speak Out

By William Henry Chamberlin, *foreign correspondent for The Christian Science Monitor in the Soviet Union from 1922 until 1934, who has been an editorial commentator for The Wall Street Journal since 1945. His most recent book is "The Evolution of a Conservative."*

JAMESON G. CAMPAIGNE'S hard-hitting criticism of many aspects of United States foreign policy, "**American Might and Soviet Myth**" (Regnery, $3.95), conveys the impression of a case that is valid in many points, but is marred by overstatement, factual errors, and lack of proper discrimination. Many Americans, like Mr. Campaigne, feel, and not on a partisan political basis, that our showing in the mighty struggle to which we have been challenged by the Soviet Union's national power and the world revolutionary dogmas of international Communism has not been as good as it should have been.

American perception of the reality and permanence of the Soviet and Chinese Communist threat has been distressingly and inexcusably slow. Measures that were essential to the creation of a grand international coalition against Communism have been taken with undue slowness and hesitation. The Yalta decisions and the background of uncritical pro-Soviet emotionalism in which they were taken; the Morgenthau Plan; the attempt to bring about a reconciliation between Nationalists and Communists in China (ironically enough, just when our policy in Europe was being framed on quite different assumptions); the failure to seize Berlin in the last weeks of the war—these were all grave errors of policy.

We have been no more successful as yet in dealing with a dictatorship in Cuba that makes grand larceny of American property and scurrilous defamation of our government the cornerstones of its policy than we have been in solving the somewhat similar domestic problem of juvenile delinquency. The conduct of our foreign policy has often seemed out of line with our real national strength and with the requirements of our national interest. We have tended to make flabby platitudes a substitute for hard-headed thinking in foreign affairs. We have been too cautiously defensive in our national stance, leaving the initiative to our indefatigable enemies. As a people we have been too much concerned with whether we are liked abroad, and not enough with whether we are respected.

In a general way Mr. Campaigne's thinking follows these lines, and his little book scores a number of valid points. So he rejects "summitry," the idea that we must continue to talk with the Communists (regardless of whether we or they have anything to say to each other) or face the disaster of nuclear war. Actually this is an untrue assumption; John Foster Dulles's policy of avoiding conferences with the Communist powers until some serious basis of negotiation appeared did not enhance the chances of war, any more than the foolish, badly prepared meeting of Western leaders with Khrushchev in Paris last May improved the prospects of peace.

THERE certainly have been abuses and conspicuous failures in foreign aid, notably in economically backward countries like Laos; a big per capita expenditure of American funds has just been followed by the installation of a neutralist government. Mr. Campaigne is on firm ground in his contention that individuals with the instinct for getting things done on a people-to-people basis accomplish more good and win more good will than large-scale handouts by unimaginative bureaucrats. "The Ugly American" was fiction, but fiction with considerable factual underpinning.

The weakness of "American Might and Soviet Myth" is the author's tendency, in making a case, to overstate it, at the expense of falling into demonstrable errors. It is true, as he says, that Soviet trade with non-Communist nations is almost ridiculously small, in relation to Russia's size, population, and industrial output. But it is not true that Soviet foreign trade can properly be discounted because of the discrepancy between the official and the true value of the Soviet ruble. For Soviet foreign trade is calculated not in paper, but in gold rubles. Other commentators, who should know better, have made this same error.

The author gives a figure of $241 million for American aid to Spain; the correct figure, as this writer learned during a recent visit to Madrid, is more than one billion dollars. And, although Mr. Campaigne gives the Library of Congress as his authority, there must be some confusion in his information that we gave almost $18 million in "mutual security aid" to Communist-ruled Hungary in 1955-57. We certainly had no mutual security arrangements with that country. The description of Egypt, for which the author seems to cherish a partiality, as "the strongest opponent of Communism" in the Middle East seems very questionable, in view of Nasser's

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association with the Soviet viewpoint on such current issues as Cuba and the Congo. Israel would seem worthier of this characterization, in view of her contemptuous defiance of Soviet threats at the time of the Suez crisis.

Mr. Campaigne quotes General Maxwell D. Taylor, former United States Army Chief of Staff, to the effect that the United States "already has too much retaliatory power." However, this single quotation does not accurately convey the spirit of General Taylor's book, "The Uncertain Trumpet," which is a severe indictment of a number of alleged aspects of American military weakness.

In general, the picture of American military superiority and of Soviet industrial backwardness is considerably overdrawn. The United States does possess tremendous striking, destructive power. But few if any military students would subscribe to the proposition that this striking power could be used without the risk of very formidable blows from the Soviet side. And, although the Soviet economy does not, has not, and probably never will create a standard of living satisfactory to the American or the West European, it has, by stinting and sometimes almost starving the Russian people, built up a military threat that cannot realistically be disparaged out of existence.

Some of the things Mr. Campaigne says badly needed saying. There has been in American public opinion too much defeatism, too much woozy internationalism, too much recommendation of quack remedies. Nevertheless it is a pity that the author found it necessary to pitch his case in such extreme terms that it is not likely to convert many who are not already convinced of his viewpoint.

Defector from Chinese Communism

By Gerald Clark, *associate editor of The Montreal Star and author of "Impatient Giant: Red China Today," which is based on a visit by Mr. Clark to the mainland in 1958.*

CHOW CHING-WEN was a leader of the China Democratic League, one of seven minor parties which formed a so-called coalition government with the Communists. After eight years in Peking, Mr. Chow felt no more desire for collaboration, on the grounds that his principles had been violated, and left for Hong Kong. That was in October of 1957, and **"Ten Years of Storm"** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $6), which sets forth his personal adventures and critical opinions, is the result.

Mr. Chow never clearly defines his functions on the China mainland. At one point he calls himself a high-ranking official of the People's Government; at another stage he is vice chairman of a thrift supervisory committee, and still later he refers to his role in a C.D.L. workers' benefit association.

One finds it difficult to understand why Mr. Chow was "taken in for a spell by the Communists masquerading as champions of democracy," when he also claims he understood from pre-1949 experiences all about Communist duplicity. Such inconsistency may be attributed to an initial patriotic urge to provide sobriety in an extremist regime; or, cynically, Mr. Chow may be brushed aside as an opportunist. However, whatever the previous or present motivations, the author offers some revealing examples of how the first "struggle meetings" led to the well-calculated thought-reform movements. "What is the use of having a mind?" one of Mr. Chow's fellow intellectuals complained. "I am waiting to die." The author attributes the humiliating process of self-criticism in public to a deliberate attempt to destroy the moral force of the people. More vulgarly, it is known as "taking off a man's trousers in public."

Mr. Chow also offers some interesting observations on Mao Tse-tung, who, he says, never makes snap decisions: "He will first explore the problem, do some probing, let the problem rest for a while, and only then come to a decision." One major illustration was the Chinese intervention in Korea. "We learned later," recounts Mr. Chow, "that he had paced up and down in his room for three days and nights before he came to the decision." But even before this moment was arrived at, the prudent Mao had gathered his armies along the Yalu River.

A sharp vignette reveals another side of the seemingly patient, urbane Chinese leader. One afternoon, during a period when open criticism was still theoretically tolerated, a prominent, elderly scholar, Liang Su-ming, rose at a meeting of the People's Political Consultative Conference and questioned the fairness of the Communist Party. Mao Tse-tung, seated on the platform, shouted back, "You stink! You have stinking bones."

The fate of Liang Su-ming was typical of that of other doubters. Mao himself gave the orders to "liquidate" the scholar's thoughts. Subsequently newspaper and magazine articles against him were so vicious that Liang could do nothing more than slump into retirement.

Mr. Chow, in my view, does a disservice when he talks heatedly of internal struggles and resentful masses waiting for an inevitable overthrow of Communist rule. Such a conclusion is dangerously misleading, and does not take into account the sense of nationalism which has been instilled especially in the young Chinese, on whom the regime has concentrated.

Nor is it necessarily based on irrefutable evidence. The author insists that living conditions are worse than they have ever been. This opinion is not shared by possibly more dispassionate observers who knew China before 1949 and have since made first-hand comparisons. Professor C. P. Fitzgerald and the French journalist Robert Guillain, both of whom recognize the price is conformity, at least concede that China's masses are rewarded by material improvements.

Mr. Chow may be playing to the overseas gallery when he calls China a "satellite" of the Soviet Union. As a Chinese he might do better to explain that no Chinese has ever accepted subservience to any foreign barbarians; certainly during my visit two years ago there was ample evidence that the Chinese were not willing to run second to anyone. Mr. Chow says

flatly that Mao is always in step with the Kremlin, a contention hardly justified by the current and deep-seated doctrinal dispute.

The tragedy of a defector, no matter how well intentioned, is that he is never fully accepted. "Ten Years of Storm" has the same limitation. Mr. Chow, so long as he keeps to his own observations of Communist China during his eight years there, can be helpful and informative. It is when he expands into a philosophic—and often wishful—discourse, formulated in Hong Kong, that he becomes vulnerable.

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THE ARTS

Poets, Painters, and the Paragon

By ROBERT J. CLEMENTS, *director of comparative literature in the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences at New York University. Professor Clements's most recent volume, "Picta Poesis," treating one phase of the Paragon–Renaissance emblem books–appeared this year in Rome, where he is now a Fulbright scholar. His next book, "Michelangelo's Theory of Art," will be published in November.*

SINCE time out of mind poets and artists have been conscious of one another as collaborators, accomplices, and alter egos. Occasionally they have kept an eye on one another as rivals or even antagonists. Remember how the painter in the opening scene of "Timon of Athens" hears a poet declaiming upon the vagaries of fortune and cries out that the subject is "conceived to scope":

> A thousand paintings I can show
> That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune's
> More pregnantly than words.

The intimate relationship of these sister arts was early commemorated by the quip attributed to the wordly Simonides, that painting is "mute poetry" and poetry a "spoken painting." Twenty-four hundred years later Paul Eluard still accepts this comparison in hailing his accomplice Picasso with a piece entitled "Paroles Peintes," while Malraux's beloved works of art still speak eloquently with "voices of silence." The parallel nature of the imitative arts was further immortalized by a seminal line of poetry in Horace's letter of instruction to the Pisones. Horace's words "*ut pictura poesis*" ("as in painting, so in poetry") have served as a felicitous catch-phrase for the many generations of scholars and dilettantes who have written on the similar or parallel natures of literature and art.

Curiously enough, antiquity left us a catch-image as well, in the dramatic person of the Trojan priest Laokoön, whose love of art did not extend to sculptured horses erected by Greeks. Neglected by Homer, Laokoön entered literature in the pages of Apollodorus and others. Then three sculptors from Rhodes decided that the anguishes of this unjustly punished man could best be expressed in Pentelic marble. Vergil felt that the episode's pity and fear would enrich the moods of his great national epic and purge his readers ("Telling it makes me shudder!"). In January, 1506, the marble group was disgorged from oblivion on a peasant's farm near the Baths of Titus. Whereupon the reigning neo-Latin poet Sadoletus, at the Pope's request, sought to rival the marble finish of the antique statuary by retelling in Latin hexameters the story of the Trojan horse and the suspicious Laokoön. ("Eyes scarce can bear to behold the cruel death and fierce sufferings!") Next in turn came a painter, with El Greco picturing this thin, toppled figure outside the walls of Ilium—on that canvas so well hung in our National Gallery. Since most baroque art depicted the martyrdom of holy men, the high priest Laokoön was a natural choice for El Greco. Yet the seesawing continued, for the Spanish poet Delatila y Castelví tried to rival the painter of Toledo with his sonnet on the burning city "made eternal" by this canvas. And so it went up to recent times, for modern discussion of the Paragon, or parallelism of literature and art, centers on this figure. When Lessing felt obliged to remind everyone that there existed, after all, unresolved differences between the arts and poetry, he called his tract "Laokoön." Matthew Arnold and others picked up the thread of the debate, keeping the same frame of reference. Even the late Irving Babbitt of Harvard reopened the discussion with a volume entitled "The New Laokoön." Thus, two phrases and a marble figure became the emblems of the Paragon.

Not that the evolution of the Paragon could not be traced in other, less publicized figures as ubiquitous as Laokoön. To pick an example from the fair sex, there is the nascent Aphrodite, shedding foam and spray, first cast out of the sea in Hesiod. Weaving in and out of 2,800 years of art and poetry she ends up in the tight embrace of St. John Gogarty ("I gathered marble Venus in my arms/Just as the rabble shouted on the stair," etc.). Of all the phases of her evolution, the most fascinating occurred after the Florentine humanist Politian described in stanzas on a joust this birth of Aphrodite, which his hero allegedly found carved on a portal of the Temple of Venus. Reading these verses Botticelli was moved to copy the scene literally on a canvas known to generations in sophomore art survey courses as "Venus on the Half Shell."

Tracking parallel themes is, however, only a part of the study of the Paragon. (The word Paragon was used by Da Vinci to denote as well the comparison of painting and sculpture—a meaning rejected in this essay.) Equally basic is the review of taste and esthetics from the Hellenic to the surrealistic period—and, indeed, to the present chaotic period of divergent and contradictory directions. Such a survey involves the dating, defining, and labeling of successive schools and movements in the

(*Continued on page* 38)

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Restored Laokoon—"a natural for El Greco."

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PERSONAL HISTORY

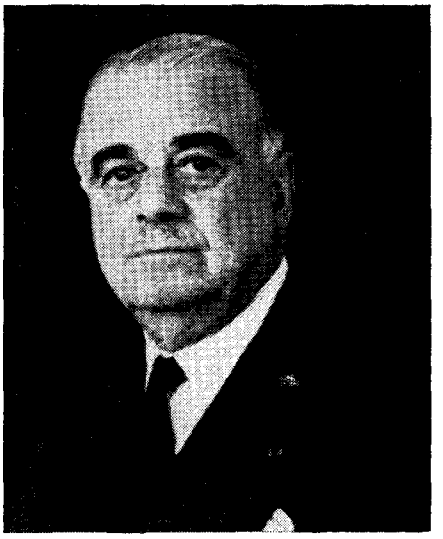
A Life of Glamorous Servitude

"The Memoirs of General Lord Ismay" *(Viking. 464 pp. $6.75), carries a prefatory note by Sir Winston Churchill, with whom the author was "hand in glove and much more" during the Second World War. At that time Malcolm Muggeridge (editor of Punch from 1953-57) served in East and North Africa, Italy and France. His decorations include the Legion of Honor, Croix de Guerre with Palm, and Médaille de la Reconnaissance Française.*

By Malcolm Muggeridge

THOSE in authority need about them familiars in whom they may confide and whose inexhaustible acquiescence, if not servility, comforts them when things go awry and their more detached associates and advisers prove obdurate. Thus, in the days of kingship monarchs had courtiers, who, incidentally, included a jester, licensed to be impertinent but liable to be beaten when his witticisms outran his prudence. For Winston Churchill in the war years Lord Ismay was such a familiar. He would sit up with the Prime Minister far into the night, listen to his interminable, and often tedious, disquisitions, be at all times at his beck and call, sift the vast quantities of paper which flowed towards him, and generally ease his path and minister to the wounds which self-doubt and outraged vanity sometimes inflicted upon his inner ego.

Lord Ismay has now written an account of this glamorous servitude, thereby adding his little bucket of carefully chlorinated water to the vast Niagara of such reminiscences which has been lavishly and tumultuously flowing in recent years. Probably no events in human history have been more abundantly and variously documented than those connected with the war of 1939-45. Almost everyone concerned has had his say, and still they come—the memoirs, the eyewitness accounts, the collations and compilations, which Hitler, among much other suffering, has inflicted upon us. To me, personally, the subject is a slightly sore one. At the time of the publication of General Eisenhower's "Crusade in Europe" I was employed as adviser to a publishing



General Lord Ismay—"privy to all the secrets and controversies of Allied strategy."

house. The advice I tendered on this occasion was that no further war books should be even considered. Alas, had I but known it, there were whole cohorts of them to come, by field-marshals, admirals, and air-marshals; by politicians and civil servants and oher miscellaneous personages, most of which would prove satisfactory, if not best sellers.

Now we have Ismay. It would be idle to pretend that he contributes anything new to the well-worn story. He conducts us from the phoney to the real (if it ever was real) war, from seeming defeat to seeming victory, as all the others have. The guides at the Sistine Chapel, I have observed, use almost the same patter, and have acquired almost the same tone of voice as these war-memoirists. Their emotions, their reflections, their ups and downs of morale, even their essays in lighter vein, have become as standardized as BBC weather reports. If occasionally one of them, like the Arthur Bryanised version of Lord Alanbrooke's Diaries, speaks out of turn, the others all shake their heads more in sorrow than in anger, and mass together in support of the authorized version.

There is certainly nothing out of turn about the Ismay contribution. His tribute to Churchill is in the accepted manner; Beaverbrook, Atlee, Mountbatten—they are all good men and true. In a few cases (for instance, Montgomery) one may detect a certain reticence, significant silences, which doubtless signify what Charles Lamb called an imperfect sympathy. Otherwise they were all friends together. Roosevelt was a real pal; Stalin not quite in this category, but still a necessary ally. Marshall, Dill, Eisenhower, and Alexander, even awkward customers like Patton and de Gaulle—all were for the best in the best of all possible wars.

Ismay's career began in the Indian Army, where he saw active service of the old-fashioned sort (that is, with our side overwhelmingly stronger than the enemy) on the North-West Frontier, and enjoyed himself at polo and the other diversions then plentifully available to even the most junior of sahibs. The 1914-18 war brought this *douceur de vivre* to a summary end. He spent the war years in Somaliland, which was frustrating at the time, but at least enabled him, like the Abbé Sieyes, to remain alive. Subsequently he became a staff officer, and then embarked upon what was to be his true career—a sort of factotum or, perhaps better, emollient in the no-man's-land between civil and military authority.

For this function he had an undoubted talent. He was shrewd without being intelligent, genial without being unduly partisan; an accomplished and diligent go-between, who was respectfully inclined towards authority without ever developing particular loyalties that would have made it inconvenient or even indecent to steal away from a sinking ship. His nickname, Pug, was apt. He relates how, during a nocturnal discussion by the Defence Committee on the timing of Overlord, the often deferred attack across the Channel, he found himself dozing off, and awoke with a start to hear Churchill asking when William the Conqueror had landed on the English coast. This, he felt, was his chance to make a contribution to the debate, and he triumphantly exclaimed: "In 1066!" To his surprise, the observation "was greeted with a roar of laughter, and the Prime Minister said pityingly: 'Pug, you should have been in your basket ages ago!'" The anecdote itself, and the fact that Ismay should have recorded it at all, well conveys the sort of man he is, and his role in Churchill's entourage.

After the war Ismay went with Mountbatten to India to help him liquidate the British Raj on behalf of a Labour Prime Minister. By this time he was punch-drunk. He served Mountbatten as eagerly and genially in dismantling British power east of Suez as he had Churchill in maintaining it west of Suez. He saw nothing out-of-the-way in a great-great-grandson of Queen Victoria pulling down the final curtain on British rule in India, or in himself helping to conduct a show so

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out of keeping with his former master's famous dictum that he had not been appointed His Majesty's principal Secretary of State to preside over the dissolution of his Empire.

With India disposed of to Messrs. Nehru and Jinnah, Ismay turned his attention to the Festival of Britain, which celebrated the centenary of the Great Exhibition sponsored by the Prince Consort. It, too, lacked the Churchill touch but proved a popular occasion, to whose success Ismay usefully contributed. This fine old draught horse could be harnessed to merry-go-rounds as well as chariots of fire. In the first postwar Conservative Government, again under Churchill, he served briefly as Minister of Commonwealth Relations, and then was persuaded to become Secretary-General to NATO. The alternative candidate was Anthony Eden. It is interesting to reflect that, had Eden agreed to accept the post, he would presumably never have become Prime Minister, in which case, in all probability, there would have been no Suez fiasco.

The chief interest of Ismay's Memoirs, such as it is, lies in the account they provide of his close association with Churchill in the crucial years 1939-45. This took him to most of the wartime conferences and made him privy to all the secrets and controversies of Allied strategy. He writes, however, rather as a public relations officer than as a contemporary historian, revealing little that was not known before, and underwriting all reputations lest he should seem to denigrate any. The narrative goes effusively along, and may be relied on to be widely read on this side of the Atlantic, at any rate. Like an old actress nostalgically recalling the plaudits she received in her last big part, we English, seemingly, never tire of hearing about our positively last appearance as a major power on the world stage.

Invitation to Rapallo

"Portrait of Max," by S. N. Behrman *(Random House. 306 pp. $6), pictures the playwright's subject largely through Beerbohm's own words. Ben Ray Redman, who has long savored the talents of the British satirist, appraises his portrait.*

By Ben Ray Redman

MAX BEERBOHM managed to spend the last few years of his life with such consummate unobtrusiveness that even so scrupulous a historian as Samuel E. Morison was seduced into referring to him in print, some time before his death, as the late Max Beerbohm. It was during these years, 1952-56, that Mr. Behrman came to know Sir Max with an intimacy that must have been keenly enjoyable and intensely stimulating. Thanks to the verbal portrait that he has drawn with skill and affection we are now able to share that intimacy in large measure; we are, in imagination, transported to the little house in Rapallo where, save for time spent in England during the two world wars, the most English of all English expatriates lived for forty-five years.

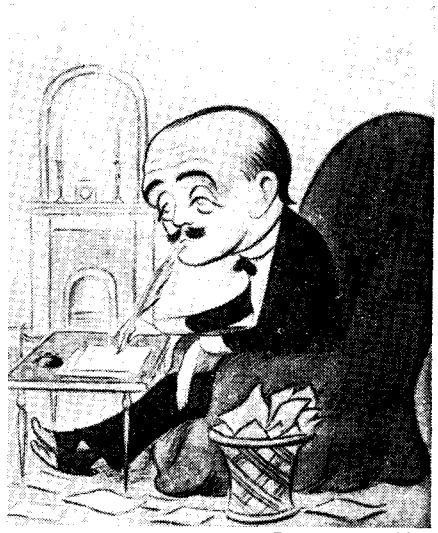
When, as the result of an exchange of letters, one of America's wittiest playwrights descended from the Paris-Rome express to call upon one of the world's most gifted talkers, it was the realization of a long-cherished dream. At the age of seventeen, in 1910 (the year in which Max and his bride had settled in Italy) Behrman had discovered Beerbohm in a public library in Worcester, Massachusetts, and had been enchanted by his find. At Harvard, in the Widener Library, he became increasingly familiar with the elegant prose and the peerless caricatures that had been brought into being by Max's pencil and pen. On trips from Paris to Rome, Behrman's eye was always caught by the station sign RAPALLO; but the train was going too fast for him to get off, and he had received no invitation to do so. In 1926 he was more interested in some Beerbohm caricatures belonging to Gerald du Maurier than he was in Sir Gerald himself. Eight years later he bought a pastel done by William Rothenstein. "This pastel," he tells us, "has hung in my various workrooms ever since. It shows Max, a diaphanous slight figure, leaning over the flagged terrace of the Villino and contemplating the Mediterranean."

When Mr. Behrman paid the first of his many visits to Sir Max he carried much of the author's writing in his memory and many of the caricatures in his mind's eye. A spark was struck between the two men that was quickly fanned into a glow of friendship. The American knew how to draw the Englishman out; the Englishman enjoyed being drawn. As Miss Jungmann said, Mr. Behrman's visits were therapeutic. And Miss Jungmann, who was Max's devoted secretary and nurse after his first wife's death, and who became Lady Beerbohm when he lay dying, was the best of judges.

The portrait of the writer and artist so warmly admired by Mr. Behrman is, in large part, a self-portrait. We hear him talk on and on, led easily from point to point by his interlocutor, and as he talks we come to know the "frail, elegant little figure," dressed in the fashion of 1910, "whose life in Rapallo was a long evocation, in memory, of the people he had known, of their foibles and mistakes and of their enchantment when they were at their best . . ." We are at first surprised, and then not surprised, to discover that after forty-five years in Italy Beerbohm had never learned Italian, and had found it possible to write only of England, not of the land where he resided so long. Never was a man more insular, never was one more perfectly insulated.

We come to know him through his dislikes and likes. He put Goethe down as more than a bit of a bore. Shaw he credited with "a powerful brain," but thought him "a coarse man" devoid of a sense of beauty. Moreover, the Shaw-Campbell correspondence was, to his taste, "too nauseating to go on with." Virginia Woolf's perpetual concern with herself was distasteful to him. He disliked Pater's style, found Oxford a visual disappointment, and confessed that, although William Morris "was a wonderful all-round man . . . the act of walking round him has always tired me." Max's temperamental aversion to

(*Continued on page* 46)



—*Bettmann Archive.*

Self-portrait of Sir Max—"the most English of all English expatriates."

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FICTION

Politics Is Poker

"The Sleep of Reason," by Warren Miller *(Little, Brown. 171 pp. Paperback, $1.65), and* ***"Wine, Women and Woad," by Ed Fisher*** *(Macmillan. 212 pp. $3.95), satirize, respectively, McCarthyism and political attitudes in general. James Yaffee, author of "Nothing But the Night," last season adapted Friedrich Duerrenmatt's "The Deadly Game" for Broadway.*

By James Yaffee

POLITICAL satire is the most difficult of all literary forms. In the history of civilization only a handful of really first-rate political satires have been produced—"Lysistrata," "Gulliver's Travels," "Erewhon," "Iolanthe," perhaps half a dozen others, and that completes the list.

The difficulties of writing good political satire are vividly illustrated by two recent attempts at the form. Warren Miller's "The Sleep of Reason" tells of a naïve young man, just out of college, who gets a job in Washington with the McGonnigle Committee investigating Communist infiltration into the government. After being exposed to the horrors and absurdities of the Committee's witch hunt, the hero becomes a wiser man prepared to take an active part in the struggle against the McGonnigles of this world.

There is nothing wrong with the broad, farcical tone with which Mr. Miller tells his story. There are even moments of genuine hilarity. But the satire fails because Mr. Miller has so blatantly oversimplified his political thesis. He treats the methods of McCarthyism with all the scorn and anger they deserve, but he seems quite unable to find anything to laugh at or deplore in the opposite camp. Reactionaries who see a Communist lurking behind every bush are figures of fun, no doubt, but what about liberals who can't see a Communist even when he steps up to them and fires a cannon in their face? The high-handedness of McCarthy in pinning the label of Communist on everyone who disagreed with him is surely matched by the high-handedness of extremists on the other side in pinning the label of McCarthyite on everyone who disagrees with *them*. The job of the satirist is to ridicule high-handedness wherever it shows itself, not just on one side of the fence.

By seeing only one-half of a complex political problem Mr. Miller considerably weakens his novel not only politically but artistically. Because he refuses to show what's wrong with McCarthy's opponents, he doesn't even succeed in showing what's wrong with McCarthy. He stacks the deck so heavily against McGonnigle and his committee, makes them so wildly ludicrous and stupid, that it becomes impossible to take them seriously as a threat either to the nation or to the author's hero.

For example, McGonnigle's young chief investigator issues a subpoena for Thomas Paine to appear before the committee and defend his subversive writings. Aside from being an echo of a famous story about Samuel Goldwyn, this touch immediately transports the McGonnigle Committee into the realm of fantasy. We all know that the young investigators who actually did McCarthy's dirty work for him were well educated and well read and couldn't possibly have been guilty of such a piece of ignorance. This, in fact, was one of the things that made them dangerous. A satirist is allowed to exaggerate as much as he pleases, but he must exaggerate what is true, not what is *false*. In his willingness to ignore facts that don't happen to square with his main thesis, Mr. Miller gives us not a political satire at all but a political tract just as partisan and one-sided as a speech by McCarthy himself.

This is the first big pitfall that makes good political satire such a rare phenomenon. It is a pitfall that all the great political satirists have managed to avoid. In "Iolanthe" Gilbert makes fun of the conservative aristocrats in Act One, but then shows the radical reformers in Act Two to be just as absurd in their own way. His real object is not to advocate one party or the other but to expose the foibles of both. In "Animal Farm," our best contemporary political satire, George Orwell gives a scathing picture of the tyranny and brutality of Communism—but only after showing how it in-

New Fiction for the Fall

Rene Fulop-Miller ("The Silver Bacchanal") — symbols.

Alexander Cordell ("Robe of Honour") — personalities.

Warren Miller ("The Sleep of Reason") — exaggeration.

Tom Lea ("Primal Yoke") —new settings, new sources.

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variably arises out of the tyranny and brutality of capitalism. Communists and capitalists alike have denounced this book, because its real target is neither one nor the other but the dreadful human dilemma that constantly plunges us from the frying-pan into the fire. Political satire, in short, is most effective when it is least "political."

"Wine, Women, and Woad" is more successful than "The Sleep of Reason" in avoiding this pitfall of partisanship. In his fable of ancient Rome (which turns out to bear a curious resemblance to modern America) Ed Fisher makes fun of all political attitudes and every type of politician. His impartiality is admirable, but it actually leads him into the second big pitfall that lies in wait for the writer of political satire: Mr. Fisher is too impartial. He sees the faults of all parties, all pressure groups, all catchwords and platforms, but he seems to be completely unmoved or uninvolved by anything that he sees.

And he has one basic joke that he uses to deflate every aspect of modern life from McCarthyism to liberalism, from the beatnik to the Madison Avenue ad man: the contemporary object is referred to in ancient Roman terms. A sports-minded Roman, for example, is said to know "the battling averages" of all the leading gladiators. After awhile this joke becomes a reflex; anything modern is by its transformation to Roman times automatically supposed to be funny. The mere mention of beatniks or ad men is supposed to make us laugh. This is the typical attitude of pseudo-sophistication, of the college humor magazines: ridicule everything without troubling to dig deeply into anything; laugh at our society without any real feelings of indignation or horror or delight.

The good political satirist cannot be impartial in this way. He must be intensely moved by what he satirizes. He must be a partisan—except that his party is not the Democrats or the Republicans, the Rightists or the Leftists, but humanity itself. He laughs at the pretensions of fools who think themselves superior to humanity, and he gets angry at the injustices of tyrants who debase humanity—but, above all, he cares; he doesn't just stand on the sidelines snickering. It is no accident that the greatest of all political satirists, Swift, was at the same time the most coldly objective and the most hotly emotional of men.

Political satire is a noble art, and we need more of it in our time. But it will flourish only in the hands of writers who, unlike Mr. Fisher, feel very deeply about the ills of the world, and who, unlike Mr. Miller, are willing to expose those ills in whatever political camp they may be found.

Big Business in Wyoming

"The Primal Yoke," by Tom Lea *(Little, Brown. 336 pp. $4.95), depicts the struggle for power by a city tycoon whose life becomes linked with dude wranglers in Wyoming's high mountain country. Pulitzer Prize-winning novelist Oliver La Farge wrote "Laughing Boy" and "All the Young Men."*

By Oliver La Farge

IT HAPPENS to many novelists that their first book seems to burst out of them, a compound of things intensely felt, synthesized from all their lives up to that time, drawing upon all that has been best and most deeply felt, written in a happy fury, and resulting in a work to make the reader's heart rejoice. After that the man knows he is a writer; he has found a career. He sets about the inventing of more tales, using learned skills and exploiting ingenuity in lieu of inspiration—and, if he be sincere, hoping and praying for the return of that first afflatus.

This seems to be the stage through which Tom Lea is now passing. His first book, "The Brave Bulls," was certainly inspired, its subject deeply felt and sharply conveyed, its characters vivid. Following it, "The Wonderful Country" was an anticlimax. Now in "The Primal Yoke" he has turned to new settings and new sources for his characters, which was an act of wisdom, but still Mr. Leo's book does not quite come off.

The greater part of the story is laid in the high mountain country of Wyoming, land of snowshoes, skis, and pack-trains, of elk and fighting trout, while one portion moves north, from the terrain of dude wranglers, who are still eminently frontiersmen, to the winter resorts of Idaho. These settings he handles superbly. His pack-trains, the personalities of horses, such little touches as the feel of a rain-soaked saddle, the snow, the landscape, many details of camping, could not be better. There is a splendid description of hooking, playing, and landing a big game trout. In such a passage, as in many when he wrote of bulls and bullfighting, Lea makes one think of Hemingway, not because the two men write similarly, but because it is a question of

(*Continued on page* 41)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

RIVERS IN MYTHOLOGY

Rivers, some of which are personified, play an important part in the Greek myths. Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, invites you to name the ten streams referred to below. Answers on page 46.

1. In these waters Midas washed away his golden touch.
2. An oath sworn by this river was inviolable even to the gods.
3. This river was famous for winding back and forth in its course.
4. The god of this river in Thessaly was the father of Daphne.
5. This river almost drowned Achilles because he threw so many corpses into it.
6. When Arethusa was being chased by this river, Diana turned her into a fountain.
7. This river-god was the father of Narcissus.
8. Hercules won Deianira as his bride by overcoming this river god in a wrestling match.
9. Burning Phaeton fell into this river.
10. This river in Hades was filled with fire instead of water.

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An Alternative to Anarchy

ONE OF the most significant developments in the present U.N. debate is that public attention has been drawn to the structure and functions of the U.N. itself. The fact that individual nations can rebuff the U.N. and deny its authority in critical situations has brought into focus the capacity of the world body to deal with major threats to the peace.

Several plans have been put forth in recent years for restructuring the U.N. One approach that has gained serious support has been advanced by Grenville Clark, an expert in international law, and Louis Sohn, a Harvard law professor. Their book, "World Peace Through World Law" (Harvard University Press), includes proposals for developing the U.N. into a world organization capable of carrying out total disarmament on a proportionate basis—concurrent with the creation of an international police force fully safeguarded against misuse. The plan is a minimal one—based on the belief that it is sufficient for our generation to limit itself to the single task of preventing violence or the threat of it. At this point in U.N. affairs, it deserves full analysis.

Under the Clark-Sohn plan, membership in the U.N. would include every independent state in the world. Ratification of the revised U.N. Charter would be made by five-sixths of the nations, the ratifying nations to have a combined population of at least five-sixths of the total world population and to include the twelve largest nations.

The proposed Charter calls for weighted representation in the General Assembly. The formula is as follows:

Nations	Representatives Each	Total Reps.
4 largest	30	120
8 next largest	15	120
20 " "	6	120
30 " "	4	120
34 " "	2	68
3 smallest	1	3
99—Total Nations		Total Reps: 551

To replace the present Security Council, an Executive Council is proposed. Its seventeen members would be elected for four-year terms by the General Assembly, would be responsible to and removable by the Assembly. China, India, the U.S., and the USSR would have a representative in the Council at all times; four of the eight next largest nations would, in rotation, be entitled to membership, with the proviso that two of these four members should always be from European nations, the other two from nations outside Europe. The remaining nine members would be chosen by the Assembly from among the representatives of the other member nations and non-self-governing territories. The Council would remain subordinate to the Assembly, which would have final authority on crucial decisions.

International disputes capable of settlement on legal principles would be referred by the Assembly to the International Court of Justice, which would have compulsory jurisdiction, even if one of the parties should refuse to come before the Court. The Court would have authority to decide on questions relating to the interpretation of the revised Charter and on constitutionality. Decisions would be enforced by economic sanction or, in the last resort, action by the U.N. police force.

A World Equity Tribunal would take up international disputes not of an exclusively legal nature. Recommendations of the Tribunal, if not followed, would be relayed to the Assembly, where, by a three-fourths majority, they would become enforceable by the same means as a judgment of the Court.

Following ratification of these revisions, the Assembly would elect the Executive Council, which would then appoint an Inspection Commission to consist of five persons, none of whom would be a national of any of the twelve largest nations, and no two of whom would be nationals of the same nation. The Inspection Commission would be charged with carrying out a world-wide arms census, arms truce, and, eventually, phased, proportionate disarmament. Gradual and *proportionate* elimination of military forces and arms is proposed to take place over a ten-year period at an annual 10 per cent reduction rate.

Each nation would be allowed to retain an internal police force, not to exceed two for each 1,000 of its population and in no case to exceed 500,000.

The possibility that the national police forces might constitute a serious threat to a neighboring country requires the existence of a well-disciplined and heavily armed world police force. To prevent domination of the Peace Force by any nation or group of nations, the number of nationals of any nation in its standing component would not exceed 3 per cent of the total strength of the Peace Force except in extreme emergencies. Units would be dispersed to avoid power concentrations, would be highly mobile, and would be located in defensible positions. None of them would be stationed in the larger countries. The U.N. military staff would be under civilian control. Other specific precautions are outlined to prevent the perversion of the Peace Force into a tool of world domination.

Also proposed are: a U.N. Nuclear Authority, a U.N. Outer Space Agency, and a World Development Authority. Despite all these functions and powers, it is made clear that the proposed Charter would be limited to those *minimum enumerated* powers necessary to prevent nations from aggressing against one another. The world organization, as envisioned by Clark and Sohn, would not in any way impair the right to privacy, dignity, well-being, and freedom —under law.—MARY KERSEY HARVEY.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

REPORT CARD

I WAS DELIGHTED to read the new monthly section on the great issues in American education [*SR*, Sept. 17]. The articles and discussion are pertinent, interesting, and well presented, and I was especially glad to read the reviews of new books on educational subjects. My hearty congratulations.

LEON J. OBERMAYER,
President,
Board of Public Education.
Philadelphia, Pa.

YOUR "One Step Forward" is a giant step. *SR*'s Education Supplement fills a definite void in our current literature. Your statistics summarize the evidence that education is indeed big business. Its responsibility and its influence in determining the future of our country have at least equal magnitude. More power to you.

LYNDON H. STROUGH,
Superintendent of Schools.
Rome, N. Y.

CONGRATULATIONS on the new Education Supplement. If future issues measure up to the standard set by the first, this section will become "must reading" for all interested in solving the many knotty problems our educational system presents.

ABRAHAM LEDERMAN,
President,
Teachers Union of New York City.
New York, N. Y.

I HAVE PURCHASED your magazine on the newsstand on a number of occasions. But your Education Supplement was so great that I am writing your circulation department today to join the subscribers' ranks. You are performing still another service for public education to add to your long list of past performance.

SAUL LAVISKY.
Columbia, S. C.

NO JOURNAL of education in this country has presented material of such significance in such readable style.

NANCY LARRICK.
Quakertown, Pa.

WILDER WEST

WHEN I OPENED the September 17 issue and saw the picture of the Monterey Peninsula, I settled down to share Horace Sutton's adventures on a journey I recently took myself for the first time in twenty years.

To my disappointment, however, I find that his trip was confined apparently to the town of Monterey, giving the uninitiate the impression that the peninsula is merely a blob of land covered with a tourist-trap named Monterey. For the sake of the one unspoiled section of California, however, I want to express my ecstatic and worshipful appreciation of this primeval place. The thick forest grows so low that one would never guess houses were hidden above. The whitecaps are really white and not full of silt, lemon peelings, and gum wrappers. The waves are the purest, cleanest green and blue, like colored crystal or fabulous gems. Wild grasses crown the little hillock dunes and the beach is clean. I felt I was really on an uninhabited island and not confined to any one era of history, so untouched by time was the scene.

That is the Monterey Peninsula. I can endure the nuisance of living in "civilization," just knowing such a place is still so near.

IDA E. MCKENZIE.
Stockton, Calif.

"Degney, what's wrong with our marriage?"

"STUDS" REVISITED

I SHOULD LIKE to comment on Arthur Knight's review of the film version of my trilogy, "Studs Lonigan" [*SR*, July 16].

It is an exaggeration to state that when "Studs Lonigan" appeared it offended the Catholic Church. It offended some Catholics, true. But others admired "Studs." In 1936 or 1937, a Middle Western convent returned a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, as unfit for the girls for whom the nuns bought, and in its place "Studs Lonigan" was purchased. In the 1930s *The Columbian*, organ of the Knights of Columbus, praised my writing; the author clearly had "Studs" in mind. Many other Catholics also liked "Studs."

"Studs Lonigan" does have a plot, but apparently Mr. Knight missed this. There is structure in "Studs," but I usually am concerned with pattern, a live pattern, and this is one element of my structure. Another is self-revelation of character and, with this, the use of repetition to establish habit as an ever-ruling factor in the personality of some of my characters. I am sure Mr. Knight knows much about structure and plot, but I don't think his knowledge extends to "Studs Lonigan." Most of those who write of these matters don't know much, and often neither they nor anyone else, including Providence, knows what they are talking about.

Studs did not grow up in fear of love and responsibility; he hadn't heard of Dr. Freud. Studs was much concerned with sin, the world, the flesh, and the devil. It was not deadly monotony that filled Studs's years. It was a nervous urge for action which was in the atmosphere of the times.

I could say more but I shall postpone further comment. "Studs" is a book I finished at thirty. I am concerned with different events and different problems now. However, it is necessary for me to explain "Studs" because of the flattering misunderstandings about it. If I ever get the time, just for fun and for spite I shall write a complete technical analysis of "Studs," which was written before the day of too many editors, experts, teachers, and other agents of the destruction of writing.

JAMES T. FARRELL.
New York, N. Y.

AUDIENCE REACTION

WILLIAM FADIMAN'S "The Great Hollywood Book-Hunt" [*SR*, Sept. 17], telling about the operation of a story department, is the first time I've ever seen, clearly spelled out for the public, just how a vast motion picture company operates. It also explains how the good, but somewhat obscure, book sometimes slips by—only to turn up again as an excellent motion picture years later.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN, JR.
Hollywood, Calif.

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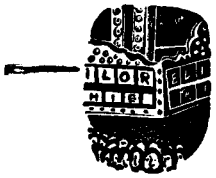

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Importance of Being Earnest

THE IMMEDIATE impulse after viewing **"Inherit the Wind"** is to give Stanley Kramer a big "A" for effort. No other producer in Hollywood has so conscientiously set himself to attacking important and difficult themes, allying himself with the cause of progressivism despite the industry's ingrained suspicions and disapprobation—not to mention its firm conviction that "message" pictures never make money. Mr. Kramer has even gone further, himself directing those films that he, as producer, felt worth the making. As he once put it, he wants to "protect the dream."

The "dream" in "Inherit the Wind" is worth protecting. It is a stirring defense of the right to think as a free man, and to obey the dictates of conscience. Based on the famed Scopes "Monkey Trial" of 1925 (and, more closely, the successful stage adaptation of the case made by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee), it pits the forces of blind reaction and utter conformity against the courage of a man with firm, if unpopular, convictions. Nor does this film suggest that the moral victory of the climax has settled forever the course of intellectual freedom. It recognizes that each new issue poses new problems.

But once this is said (and it should be emphasized that there are precious few films these days of which it *can* be said), the adjectives begin to falter. Not that "Inherit the Wind" emerges as a negligible film; it merely fails to live up to the size and dignity of its theme. The screenplay, by Nathan E. Douglas and Harold Jacob Smith, rarely opens out the stage original to take full advantage of the motion picture camera. Indeed, the split-level setting of the Broadway production did far more to suggest the dire interplay between the citizens of "Heavenly" Hillsboro and the trial proceedings than any of the invented sequences crammed into the early reels of the film. It is a serious weakness, and all the more inexplicable since the actual trial adjourned to the courthouse lawn once the temperature began to soar up around 100 degrees.

As in last year's "On the Beach," producer Kramer has topped his picture with some of the biggest names in the business — Spencer Tracy, Fredric March, Gene Kelly—obviously as much for their proven ability to lure patrons to the box office as for their thespic talents. Unfortunately, director Kramer is not strong enough to weld them into a smooth, unified company. Tracy, as defense attorney Henry Drummond (based on Clarence Darrow), easily dominates his every scene, scratching his nose, rubbing his thatch of grey hair, and shooting out quizzical glances with each barbed line. His work is easy and assured, his time-worn features and dry voice reflecting all the intellectual vigor and brittle humor of his distinguished prototype.

Gene Kelly, in a bit of off-beat casting that intentionally parallels Astaire's atomic scientist in "On the Beach," portrays the H. L. Mencken character from the play—a wiseacre of a big-city reporter with a cynical quip for every imbecility of the "great unwashed." But Kelly, chipper as a bird, his straw hat perched at a jaunty angle, manages to make every witticism sound just a little too pat, a little too studied; and his comeuppance, when Drummond finally rounds on him at the end of the play, is thrown away as a temporary unpleasantness.

THE central weakness, however, is Fredric March, in the William Jennings Bryan role. Admittedly, it is hazardous to enact the part of a man who overacted all his life; but March, pursing and smacking his lips, rolling his eyes, forcing nervous little chuckles or vast, false smiles, gives only the impression of an actor overacting—an impression emphasized by his patently false wig and stomach-stuffing. It is not so much a bad performance as an uncontrolled performance, one in which each scene, each shot, is played full force, without shading or subtlety. and it makes of Bryan (or Matthew Harrison Brady, as he is called here) a gross buffoon rather than a once-great man tragically out of touch with his time.

As a production, the film suffers from the same lack of subtlety. Mr. Kramer has directed it in a stark, naturalistic style that underlines every sentence, and makes every character either black-black or white-white. This may be fine for melodrama, but in a drama of ideas it strips away the husk of humanity that makes ideas passionate and alive. The fight against bigotry, reaction, and blind conformity continues; and Mr. Kramer must be applauded for his earnest contribution to it. But it must also be noted that earnestness is an inadequate substitute for true creativity.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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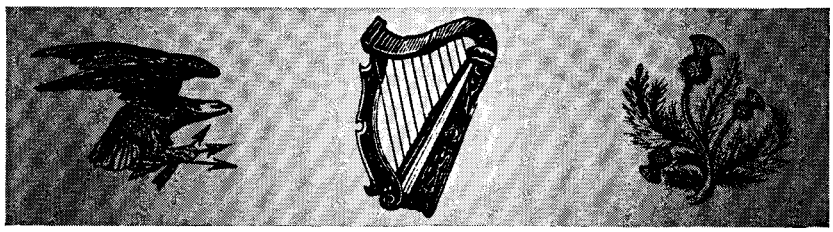

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The historians of pagan Rome have recorded the death of his dream and the destruction of his life and all his hopes.

Yet, his name still lives, and the last vestiges of human slavery die slowly before our eyes and the defeat of Spartacus has become the victory of man.

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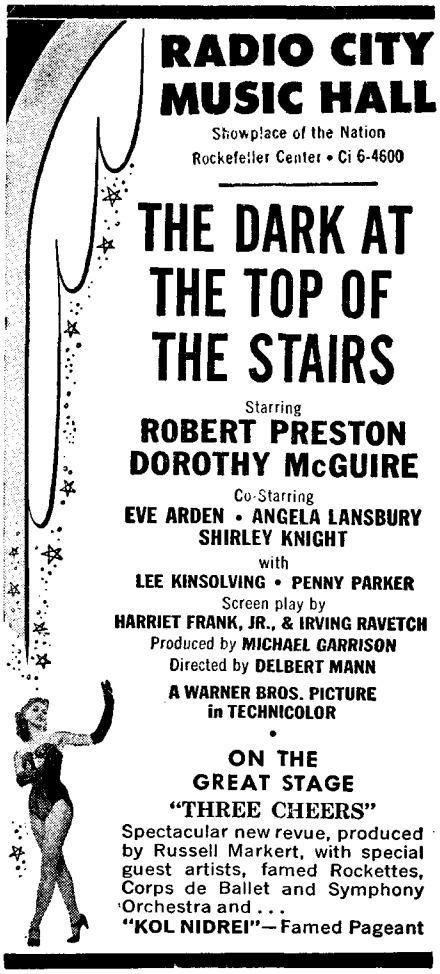

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Brendan's Behan Soup

BRENDAN BEHAN probably works harder at being mortal than any other living playwright. It is this obsession that gives his second play, **"The Hostage,"** its distinction. For this blasphemous Donnybrook is nothing more than a collection of Dublin types carrying on like music-hall comedians on the periphery of a borrowed tragic plot they all take much less seriously than they do the normal (and abnormal) bodily functions. The doings take place in a Dublin kip, and the first act is devoted to introducing us to the colorful inhabitants. These include a principled whore who questions whether it may not be against her Catholic faith to accept a Russian sailor as a client; a homosexual and his prizefighter boy-friend; a madam who regrets her past unnecessary honesty; a caretaker who lost a leg with the IRA but who despises the pretentiousness of all authority, whether it be British, papist, or within the hierarchy of the IRA itself; a romantic Englishman who has embraced both Gaelic and the cause of the Irish revolution; a middle-class weakling who is stuck with the lower class because he has served a sentence for pilfering Church funds; and a "sociable worker" who is resented by the others because she is only a "part-time whore."

In Act II Leslie, a young English soldier who has been captured by the IRA as a hostage for one of its own soldiers that the British plan to execute the next morning, appears only to prove popular and likable with all the inmates, and particularly with Teresa, a young red-headed chambermaid. After the caretaker unsuccessfully tries to let him escape, Teresa allows her love to triumph over her prejudice against informing and tells the police. The joint is raided, and Leslie is shot in the fighting. But before we have had much time to mourn his death, Leslie jumps up and sings what may be the message of "The Hostage": "The bells of hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling for you but not for me. Oh death where is they sting-a-ling-a-ling or grave thy victory?"

"The Hostage" is also Broadway's first taste of the production formula director Joan Littlewood has evolved and successfully repeated in three London hits with slight plots. It seems to consist of de-emphasizing plot and playing color, impertinence, and audaciousness with great speed. When a song is sung, it is almost always followed by a distraction that relieves the number of the burden of being judged. When someone tells a joke, the punch line is usually played down and we get back to the story via half-muttered deprecations. And the performers appear remarkably uninhibited, as if the whole business had been invented in rehearsal and changed whenever they felt like it.

Unlike our own Tennessee Williams, Mr. Behan appears delighted to have his work knocked about like this. For he himself has blithely tossed in new jokes and comments, such as a personal diatribe against Dorothy Kilgallen and a more subtle dig at "The Connection," when he has the prizefighter say to the audience, "This is the way it is, man. This is the way it really is."

But whereas the improvisation in "The Connection" has the purpose of searching out and defining man's relation to others and to the universe, in "The Hostage" it keeps sending us up dead-end streets. In justice to Miss Littlewood and her cast, it must be said that the performances have a vitality and sense of life that is contagious. Alfred Lynch, who plays Leslie, might be described as a lackadaisical Marlon Brando, and it is impossible not to like his happy forthrightness. Celia Salkeld plays Teresa with touching innocence, and sounds authentically Irish, which is more than can be said of the rest of those playing Dubliners, who go along without bothering to change the English dialects in which they feel most natural. In other respects, however, their performances are skilful, with Maxwell Shaw proving himself an adroit twinkly-eyed straight man to the wild farce going on around him. Not the least of Mr. Shaw's attributes is his ability to sing a song about Ireland's "own dear laughing boy," Michael Collins, without overloading it with sentimentality.

FOR some "The Hostage" will seem a wild spree and a joyous release from the sobriety of most conventional theatre. But to those of us who were deeply moved and excited by the Circle-in-the-Square production of Mr. Behan's "The Quare Fellow," it can only seem by comparison badly organized and half-baked Behan. Brendan is a lot better than he shows himself to be in "The Hostage," but there is the danger that he will allow his talent to take the easy way to false fruition, by continuing to feed notions, dialogue, and scraps of irony to Miss Littlewood and her magic kitchen.

—HENRY HEWES.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

The Name is Ferrer, Not Farrar—"Ondine"

WHAT WOULD it be like, one has sometimes wondered, to see an opera with an acting part like Puccini's "Gianni Schicchi" with a performer in the title role who would combine a fine operatic voice with the dramatic skills of a ranking actor such as José Ferrer? The answer, in part at least, was provided on a recent Saturday night as the Brooklyn Opera Company began its season in the Academy of Music with "Gianni Schicchi" and, improbable as it may seem, José Ferrer.

This might be described as Ferrer's indoor debut as an opera performer, for he had made the plunge earlier in the year with the Santa Fe Opera Company, with the same Earl Wild conducting and many of the same personnel. Ferrer is at the age when some opera singers tend to think of a new career on the spoken stage, but his venture has nothing to do with a career problem, for it has been a long time in the making. Music has been a part of his life since childhood, and there was nothing in the slightest dilettantish about this undertaking.

Indeed, Ferrer's immersion in the musical problem was a strong asset throughout. He knew the score well enough (having also directed the staging) not to be overly dependent on Wild's baton, with no palpable misses on cue. Needless to say, he made a lively and comic figure of the Florentine schemer who takes the place of the dead Buoso Donati, in order to dictate a new will more to the liking of the deceased's relatives, only to deed everything worthwhile to Gianni Schicchi.

But there comes a time in all opera, even in "Gianni Schicchi," when the music has to be sung: and it was at this point that Ferrer found the going rocky. Since he held his place in the ensembles more assertively than in solo singing, the element of confidence was doubtless involved—this and the knotty problem of adjusting the vocal mechanism with which he has worked in one medium so long to the needs of another which may seem closely related but is several family ties removed.

It may be recalled that when the late Ezio Pinza was having his off, and on, nights in "South Pacific," it was because he had, in the lay phrase, "lost his voice" trying to make the *spoken* lines clear. Ferrer, it may be said, has not yet "found his voice" for the singing line. For it is one thing to make a persuasive sound in a studio, quite another to make the adjustments required for a proper effect on the opera stage. Most performers do it gradually, with limited exposure at first. Ferrer broke his novitiate by performing "Se vuol ballare" and "Non più andrai" from Mozart's "Figaro" in a concert that preceded the one-act opera. It was courageous of him, but much more experienced singers have found the high F in the former nastily unapproachable. Ferrer was no exception.

In putting the same limited vocal material to work in the operatic part, it seemd to me that Ferrer was, figuratively, vibrating one chord in each medium. It is by no means impossible to speak and sing equally well—such current Metropolitan performers as Theodor Uppman, Nicolai Gedda, George London, and Risë Stevens (to mention but a few) are as apt in speaking lines as in singing notes, but this is because they mastered the more difficult skill—singing—first. Too often, in the kind of situation in which he found himself, Ferrer tended to fall back on the production to which he is long habituated, and which doesn't do, really, for musical purposes.

THE occasion also offered the opportunity for some observations on the validity, in the operatic medium, of Ferrer's fine technical skills as an actor. Relative to the other members of the well-directed ensemble, Ferrer had a considerable success in keeping all the characters (including his own) in proper perspective. But some performers of the part (such as Tibbett and Tajo, not to mention Baccaloni) have made Gianni Schicchi more a tour de force than this forceful actor did in his tour. Operatic acting has its own gait and pacing, which Ferrer's briskness and attention to detail did not always suit. With or without regard for future ventures as a performer, Ferrer's varied capacities would seem to provide exactly what Rudolf Bing (and other opera managers) are always looking for —a man of composite vision and musical understanding, able to make an operatic production come alive.

This one certainly did, for all the inequalities of Ferrer's singing and limited rehearsal time. Jeanette Scovoti (Lauretta), Maria di Gerlando (Nella), and Gimi Beni (Simone) were all suitable to the parts and the surroundings. William Lewis's tenor is a little light for the music of Rinuccio even in the Academy's compact auditorium, but he pronounced the English well (as did Ferrer also). The serviceable set and Wild's well-paced direction also added esteem for the second generation (Guido, fils, vice Alfredo, père) of Salmaggi opera.

IF THE thought is not too shocking, it may as well be confessed that critical values are not always as objective as some practictioners would like to have it believed. That, I think, is at the basis of a current disagreement on the merits of Frederick Ashton's "Ondine," newly revealed by the Royal Ballet at the Metropolitan. Several reviewers have found it excellent and several others have labeled it "banal," "tedious," and worse. As one in the latter category, I may say at once that ballets in which the dancers imitate people riding horses or swimming underwater don't prompt my undivided attention. As "Ondine" has both in the first act, I am, obviously, not its public.

It remains what it was when reported upon from London some months ago: a dead-serious effort to make something theatrically worthy of the non-sprightly subject of a water sprite who captures an earthly suitor, marries him, and gains a soul. This is not the whole of the ballet, merely Act I. Most of the choreography in Act II is for the scenery rather than the dancers, for it occurs aboard a tossing ship which breaks up in a storm, returning the sprite to the water. In Act III her erstwhile beau takes a former flame, but the sprite reappears to drag him down "in an eternal embrace."

Ashton, building on the talents of Margot Fonteyn for his Ondine, does more with the subject than would seem possible, but it lacks sustained choreographic interest. An exception is the pas de deux of Ondine and her lover (Michael Somes) in the second scene of Act I, which has distinction, even some feeling. And, of course, Miss Fonteyn is irresistible, wet or dry. But too much in the group action derives from Fokine and Massine to make "Ondine" a work worthy of Ashton at his best. An elaborate decor by Lila de Nobili pleased those who liked the action, but impressed me as heavily commonplace. The score of Hans Werner Henze has an interest of its own, being the first extended work of this consequential contemporary to be heard here. Its parts are distinctly better than the total, for Henze wrote it to a closely detailed scenario of so many measures with so much music of such and such a sort. Tchaikovsky could do it, triumphantly; but Henze's "seams show" (in the older man's own phrase) constantly.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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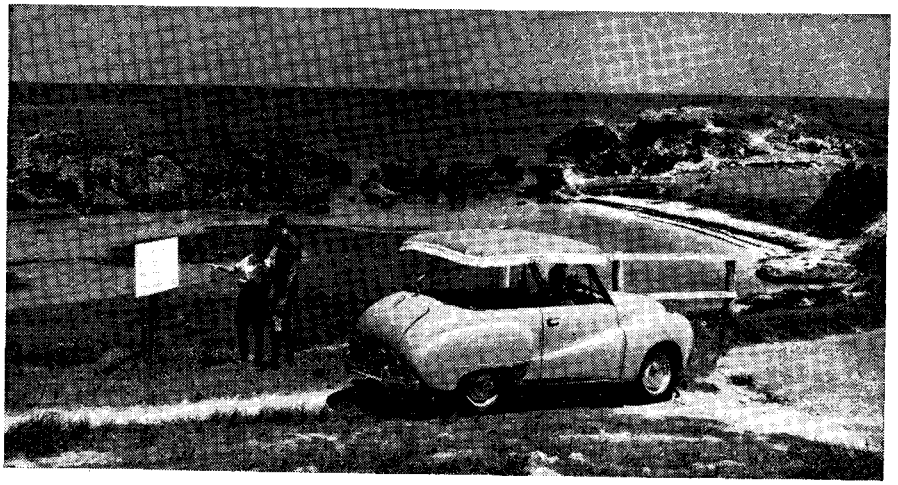
BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Notes While Becalmed

BUSH-BEATERS: The mainland of the United States has been invaded by a platoon of bush-beaters from Bermuda, all of them in uniform and all of them ready to lay on a drumfire of cajolery on the irresistible attractions that wait on that island, which is now only ninety minutes from New York as the jet flies. The reason we know is that a few days ago we responded to an invitation to a "Bermuda Briefing" and showed up at a Park Avenue hotel we used to know well as the Ambassador and which is now camouflaged as the Sheraton East. We found the same old ballroom we remember so well, quite uncamouflaged but inhabited by innumerable grown men got up in short gray-flannel pants, long black hose, and blue blazers with a dazzling crest enclosed with gold thread on the breast pocket. A white ribbon was pinned on us and we were herded along with a group of equally perplexed and similarly pinned visitors to a cluster of chairs before which was a large board and an earnest young man. Somebody sounded a bell, which we recognized as the type traditionally used on Bermuda carriages, and the young man was immediately off to a faster start than any Bermuda horse in our memory, busily extolling the virtues of the Furness Bermuda Line, which sends ships between Manhattan and Hamilton ever so often. On the board was the sign "Transportation" and under it pictures of planes belonging to airlines that serve Bermuda. Our lecturer avoided any reference to the planes and we were told that only the Furness Bermuda line had contributed any hard cash to the Bermuda Briefing, so *tant pis* for the air people. Under the barrage of stateroom rates and sailing dates we heard somebody shout "One minute," and sure enough, when sixty seconds had elapsed, the carriage bell rang again and a big, brotherly Bermuda voice bade all of us to move to the next cluster of chairs to our right. We took the chairs of some yellow ribbon-wearers who were moving to *their* right, and when the bell rang again we were set upon by a large man in gray-flannel shorts whose name was John Fishbeck and who said he was the manager of the Castle Harbour Hotel, which was just undergoing a major rehabilitation and would shortly be the dandiest place within ninety minutes of New York you have ever seen. One-minute warnings and carriage bells sounded far into the cocktail hour and we slipped out to Park Avenue where there were only horns blowing, thinking about one enterprising Bermudian who at bell's ring flipped over the illustration card he was showing. On it he had printed, "My time is up but take my word for it, Bermuda's a helluva place."

HAIL CESAR: A few days later we were on Fifth Avenue in the fading fall sunlight to have a look at the new owner of the St. Regis Hotel, a place that has always been our idea of the last word in satin-lined candy-box luxury. The new owner, or perhaps the *newest* owner, is Mr. César Balsa, who is a thirty-seven-year-old naturalized Mexican and who, having graduated from bellhop to hotel tycoon, is the very personification of the Great Latin American Dream. Mr. Balsa has black hair, black eyebrows, wears black ties and dark suits, but his future is rosy. He was born in Barcelona in 1923 and was working as a bellhop at the Oriente when he was twelve. By the time he was twenty-five he was the manager of all the restaurant service in the Palace Hotel in Madrid. The years were pressing him and he says that he asked himself, "Do I always have to be here?" "No," he answered, and took off for Mexico to be manager of the Tampico chain of restaurants. Lunch for 600, dinner for ditto, was not Mr. Balsa's dish of tamales and he was, as he remembers it, more or less fired. "They said to me, 'You had better leave.'" After eight months of selling whiskey all over Mexico he opened the Focolare Restaurant, which became a big hit. He followed it with the Jacaranda nightclub, which, like Mr. Balsa, is very dark. It has no cover, no minimum, and for the six years it has been in existence the management has been required to close the doors to more customers each and every night.

Profits and backing went into El Presidente, a 150-room hotel in Mexico City, and El Presidente, a 150-room hotel in Acapulco. Since then he has run the string to eleven, including the Maria Isabel, a 650-room hotel which, when it opens in Mexico City in the winter of 1961, will be the largest hotel in Latin America except for the hotels—or whatever they have become today—in Havana. The move into New York, which has been considered a bold venture by all professional hands, is the result of a five-year search. "This is the world's capital," he says, "and I have always had the desire to have a hotel in the world's capital." He will not change the tradition of the revered St. Regis except to move out some stockbrokers who inhabit the second floor over Fifth Avenue and replace them with a ballroom to be called New York 1900, décor self-explanatory. He thinks the St. Regis is "a lot of marble and no flowers." Says he, "We will give it a shot of vitamin." After that he is looking to Paris, to London, and also to the West Coast. When he is at home he resides at San Angel, a suburb of Mexico City, has no hobbies, indulges in no sports ("It is a great sport, hotels, from the basement to the roof"). His family includes five daughters and one boy. "That is," he says, speaking of his children, and perhaps thinking of his hotels, "for the moment."



—Bermuda News Bureau Photo.

Bermuda shoreline—when the carriage bell rings, take a step to your right.

CRAVEN IMAGES: All sorts of travel people trying to sell their goods to Americans in what is sometimes called the American way are getting in trouble

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with the crusty folks back home. We see where Air India has been roasted by the legislators back in New Delhi for the use of its stout little maharajah in its advertisements and for a booklet it distributes called "Foolishly Yours." We remember reading "Foolishly Yours" some time back when we put ourselves in the hands of the maharajah and flew down from Tashkent to Delhi and again from Madras to Singapore. We thought at the time that "Foolishly Yours" was pretty foolish, and the humor rather heavy-handed. At least it might have been funny in the mysterious East, but the laughs were a mystery to us. On the other hand, we think the little maharajah is an ever-loving delight and we have pasted stickers on our bags that show him hand in hand with a ballerina in Moscow, bowing low to kimono-clad ladies in Japan, rubbing noses with an African in Nairobi.

We hope that some stiff-necked parliamentarian won't take the little maharajah off the airlanes, for his chubby presence and his fey sense of humor have made him an amiable companion in the often boring blue yonder.

The crisis in India reminds us of the merry whoop-de-do that erupted last spring over the advertisements placed in American magazines by the British Travel Association. "How to Fall in Love with Britain After Dark," said one, under a color photograph of a floodlit castle in Jersey. "Traveler's Guide to Good Food in Britain," said another, surrounded by color photographs of eggs, kippers, sausages, Scotch salmon, strawberries in cream, blood-red roast beef, and a tray of cheeses. All this was very successful with the American public, but created nothing but a sneer from the *London Economist*, which said:

> To persuade the America tourist to brave the climate and go to Britain,

> the BTA with the aid of a government grant has exposed him for several years to stunning photographs of the old world charm that he expects to find in Britain—thatched cottages and hollyhocks, Cotswold villages and rolling farmland, castles and ghosts. *This "corny" presentation of Britain has come in for a good deal of criticism at home. . . .*

We suggest to the *London Economist* and other critics of the BTA a whole new campaign. Our first ad displays a four-color picture of a typical London fog with an accompanying caption reading, "If You Want a Place That is Really Raw Cold and Clammy in Any Season This is It!" The second in the series says, "We *Boil the Bejabbers out of* Vegetables, Overcook our Meat, and Fail to Ice the Beer, But Do Come Anyway." It is illustrated with a bright color photograph of an enormous pot of soggy Brussels sprouts. As a follow-up we propose a photograph of an industrial plant in the rain, with the inviting headline, "Spend Your Honeymoon Amid the Steel Mills of Birmingham."

TIKI TABU: And there have been trying times in the Pacific, too. Make no mistake about that. Late this summer the U.S. Customs office in Honolulu refused to admit four tikis that were sent up from Tahiti, where they are ordinary artistic embellishment. One was sent to William Lederer by Eugene Burdick, his co-author on "The Ugly American," and two had been ordered by the Matson Navigation Company as decorations for its offices in Seattle. To comply with Section 305 of the Tariff Code, which bans the importation of allegedly obscene merchandise, a carpenter was called in to make alterations. The tikis were then cleared with the proviso that pieces removed by the carpenter be im-

pounded in the office of the collector so that they could not later be restored to the statues.

The very next day—it was only coincidence, of course—Honolulu Customs was cited as the most efficient customs bureau in the country.

—Horace Sutton.

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wise travelers know what this is...

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The Arts

Continued from page 23

sister arts. This is an unending task, for the classifications and definitions of the past are not always adequate. We can no longer tolerate such time-worn definitions as Goethe's claim that classic means "healthy" and romantic means "sickly." Such a review of the Paragon reveals chronological lags and spurts: Hugo introduces romanticism to French drama eleven years after Géricault has brought it to French painting. It reveals repetitions and relapses: the poetry-painting-African bongo sessions of the beats in New York and San Francisco are an exact replica of the surrealist antics that ruffled the burghers of Zurich in 1916. All in all, the separate developments of arts and letters have managed to parallel and reflect each other. This coincidence of practice has been sustained over the centuries by a coincidence of theory. Indeed, at certain conspicuous stages of the evolution, such as dada and surrealism, the small group of practising painters and poets alike joined forces to frame the esthetic canons for the whole collective movement, including even its relations with politics.

The Paragon is enriched of course by the vast number of artist-writers, in whom the creative urge finds need of spilling over into a second or third activity. The artist-poets Blake (who wrote of tigers "of fearful symmetry" but painted teddy-tigers), Michelangelo, Raphael, Leonardo, Delacroix, Thackeray, Jarry, Thurber, Henry Miller, and the others are usually inflated with the idea that they can use a second art to support their principal talent. Then, comparable to Rossetti, who "painted sonnets," there are the poets who unconsciously identify themselves with artists, viewing their written works as forms of the fine arts and calling their poems tapestries (Stefan George), pastels (Théophile Gautier), medallions (Rubén Darío), frescoes (MacLeish), pictures (Rilke), vignettes (Lorca), and the like. Sometimes the writers identify themselves consciously with artists, and this can lead to an extraordinary variety of productions, from the pattern poems of Apollinaire or Dylan Thomas, the pattern prose of Rabelais, to such oddities as Poe's word-painting of the Haunted Palace as a human face in the "Fall of the House of Usher."

Another most attractive facet of the Paragon—at least to me—is the endless stream of poems praising individual masterworks of art. Although the one example we have cited, Sadoletus on the "Laokoön," deals with sculpture, by far the majority of these poems laud paintings. Indeed, it might not be rash to say that every major masterpiece of painting in the pinacotheca of art history has some poem dedicated to it. Among my personal favorites would be: Faria y Sousa's imperialistic and catholic sonnet on Velásquez's "Surrender of Breda," Marino's paean to Correggio's "Madonna," Rossetti on Leonardo's "Madonna of the Rocks," Hugo's dread-filled "Rose de l'Infante" on Velásquez's portrait of the daughter of Philip II, Edwin Markham's frightened verses on Millet's "Man with the Hoe" ("the dumb terror that shall rise to judge the world."), E. B. White's "I Paint What I See," poking fun at the quarrel between the Rockefellers and Diego Rivera over the Radio City murals, William Carlos Williams's "Dance" on Breughel's "Kermesse," and Auden's "Musée des Beaux-Arts" on the same painter's "Icarus." Wallace Stevens paid tribute to Picasso in his "Man with the Blue Guitar." There are hundreds of such tributes throughout the centuries. An even modest list of poems celebrating the world's great sculpture would be so lengthy that Keats's familiar poems on the Elgin marbles and his Grecian urn would be swallowed up in it.

THERE has apparently never been a time when someone was not writing on the Paragon. But no century was ever more intent upon straightening things out than the present. Names associated with this effort are Helmut Hatzfeld, Paul Maury, Arnold Hauser, Edgar Wind, Stephan Larrabee, and Jean Hagstrum, all authors of fundamental works in this field. Yet none has promisingly than Wylie Sypher, progone at it more decisively and uncomfessor of English and dean of the Graduate Division at Simmons College. His provocative "Four Stages of Renaissance Style" sprang forth full-blown in 1955, becoming a best-selling "egghead paperback" and a must for college students in humanities courses. In it he attempted to distinguish four modes of literary and artistic composition into Renaissance, Manneristic, Baroque, and Late Baroque. His brilliance in establishing parallels and syntheses was widely applauded, although a few flinthearts wondered if he did not strain too hard to make his difficult points and to equate four disparate movements through the leveling criterion of style. His **"Rococo to Cubism in Art and Literature"** (Random House, $7), updates the same investigation. This beautifully produced volume, which he modestly describes as an essay "necessarily schematic, incomplete, and stylized," is an even more remarkable accomplishment than the first. The Paragon is traced through rococo, romanticism, symbolism, neo-mannerism, and cubism, the last being for him "the most fertile and authentic of modern styles." Within these major classifications Sypher identifies a number of trends or stylizations more recently isolated by other scholars.

THUS, he exploits and enlarges on the work done on these movements by Fiske Campbell (rococo), Pierre Francastel (neo-mannerism), Agnès Humbert (the Nabis), Stephan Madsen (Art Nouveau), Earl Miner (japonaiserie), and by giving new emphases to these (and such other movements as arabesque, picturesque, luminism, Nazarenes, Lyonnais, pre-Raphaelites, and fauvism) he redefines the course and sequence of esthetics and stylistics as we find them in such traditional historians of intellectual movements as Van Tieghem. Having reordered the chronology and pigeonholes of European esthetics, Sypher admits that "it would be possible and legitimate to read the whole arrangement from other points of view." Teaching a graduate course on comparative literature and the arts, I am only too aware of the tour de force just accomplished by Wylie Sypher and of the probability that his book will become a classic in its field.

These various movements through which art and literature pass may be authentic states or merely trends or stylizations. Only a movement which creates a style excites Sypher. He downgrades romanticism as lacking a style ("technically speaking, there is no such thing as romantic art"). One is tempted here to recall Joseph von Eichendorff and object that romanticism was not merely a literary or stylistic phenomenon, but an "inner regeneration of the whole of existence, as Novalis had proclaimed it." Apparently Sypher feels the same way about parnassianism, even though Gautier gave instruction on technique and style in his poem "L'Art," from which Sypher quotes a small fragment. Indeed, to Sypher the nineteenth century, strong on "pastiche" and "virtuosity" as it was, "lacked a style." Thus, it is movements with a style firmly grounded on a clear vision which attract him —romanesque, gothic, rococo, and cubist. Expressionism is to him "a number of stylizations rather than a style." Art Nouveau is, in his opinion, "not a style, but a mode of decoration."

These regroupings of styles and taste work out in his lengthy demonstration in an orderly and disciplined fashion. Not all have equally abundant representation in both literary texts and

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works of art, although Sypher leaves no stone unturned to find parallel examples. With all his emphasis on rococo as a major decorative style, he is able to locate only one poet, Alexander Pope, to counterbalance a whole troupe of rococo artists. Usually he can find a few excellent representatives from the sister arts to be paired off: Shelley and Turner, Baudelaire and Delacroix ("Sardanapale"), Zola and Monet, Mallarmé and Redon, Gide and the Cubists. His ingenious attempt to make Pirandello a literary cubist does not come off convincingly to this reader (Pirandello's theatre is more akin to surrealism). Nor does his strained attempt at analogy between Cézanne's "Basket of Apples" and Immanuel Kant's views on human experience.

SYPHER looks tirelessly for influences upon esthetics in the various maturing stages of philosophy. He is less likely to establish correspondence with social and political development, an aim partially achieved in Arnold Hauser's "Social History of Art." This, by the way, is a challenging area to be further explored. Why do authoritarian governments inevitably encourage a neoclassical type of art and literature? How did a portrait of the young Bonaparte, which this ambitious officer asked David to execute, help thrust him to power? Why is the most dramatic Italian play on the political Resurgence called simply "Romanticism"? What political motives led Hitler to create a museum for "decadent" art? As for the political repercussions of Géricault's "Raft of the Medusa," we shall speak of these below.

Wylie Sypher is not like that world authority on art pictured in *The New Yorker*, who "knows all about art, but he doesn't know what he likes." Rather he views art with the intuitive conviction of that "hereditary art connoisseur of the Japanese emperor" whom Yeats *ran across in the British Museum*. The dean is a man of definite reactions which occasionally verge on iconoclasm. The "self-evident truths" of Pope, Locke, Adam Smith, and Jefferson he dismisses as "fictions." He is not keen on the "overbearing Wagner," but then no one is these days. He shrugs off the "hollow classic" Jean-Louis David, Tennyson of "myopic vision," the excessive Moreau and Huysmans, and that "slipshod poet" Whitman, "akin to Courbet in his monumental and indiscriminate vulgarity." It is good to find these trenchant opinions, except when one of Wylie's pet hates collides directly with one of your own enthusiasms—when we find him approving the irresponsible verbosities of Walter Pater or when he dismisses Géricault, whose "romantic heroics are only a form of journalism." One is tempted to send seconds to Boston, Massachusetts, to ask redress for Mr. Sypher's opinion of the "Raft of the Medusa," a landmark in social and political as well as art history. It helped to topple Louis XVIII. Or one could take revenge by pointing out that his opinion of this masterpiece coincides with the most hidebound reaction which appeared in the Paris press after the Salon of 1819.

IN fact, considering the rich and varied subject matter and the boldness of Sypher's approach, one could cross swords with him on many issues. Just because both the romantics and the existentialists allegedly found reality subjective, they do not therefore become blood brothers. Hogarth's Line of Grace which Sypher sees as rococo really derives from Michelangelo's description of the line to Marco da Siena (known to Hogarth through Lomazzo) and is thus rather baroque than rococo. The genre pittoresque would seem to have a longer antecedence than Sypher ascribes to it, going back to both Horace's poetics and ancient grotto art. Dobson's society verse in which he fretted about composing a rondeau as he actually wrote one may have an "accent of early eighteenth century," but it sounds more like the early seventeenth-century courtier poet Voiture, from whom he plagiarized it.

Sypher's abiding enthusiasm in his two books is for those artists and writers who avoid the purely narrative and obviously representational type of mimesis and seek new, less obvious modes of expression. He is for a liberated art and poetry which has disengaged the object from space and dismantled it into forms and planes not unlike those in the world of the physicist. Braque and Picasso and Joyce interest him infinitely more than could Delacroix. Yet one must ask whether the only desirable goal for future literature and art is necessarily nonobjectivity and "destruction of the object" and whether other criteria than style do not sometimes have far greater importance than they are given in this book. Competent artists who think otherwise still picket the nonobjective holdings of the Museum of Modern Art, intelligent arbiters have been hard put to determine whether Brancusi's "Bird in Space" is a piece of metal or a duty-free object of art, and Marcel Duchamp's "Nude Descending a Staircase" wins a prize at the Carnegie International while hung on its side.

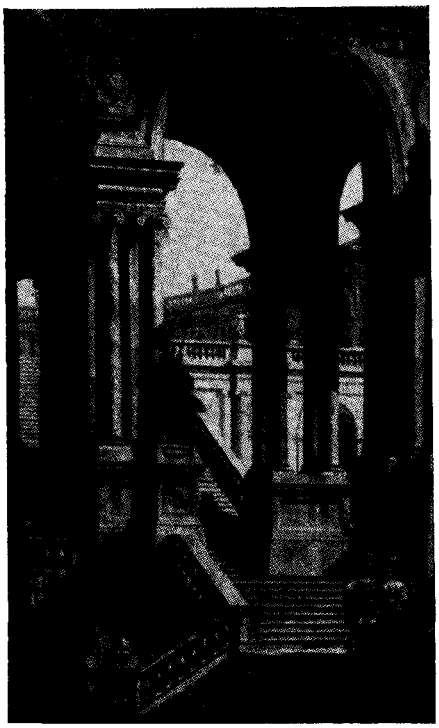
Despite these reservations, one must

Upper right: Cezanne's "Basket of Apples."

Lower right: Picasso's "Girl Before a Mirror."

Below: Gaspari's "Prospettiva."

—Illustrations from "Rococo to Cubism."



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concede that Wylie Sypher defends his viewpoint brilliantly, retains his consistency in a welter of literature and art, keeps his argument on a straight track by summary paragraphs at the beginning and end of each chapter, and sheds much light with a minimum of heat.

Any discussion of literary and artistic schools or movements must acknowledge the existence of the Doubters. These hold the dissident viewpoint, denying that any collection of trends, attitudes, or styles can ever so completely dominate a period as to make it romantic or realist or symbolist. If Sypher himself feels that there was no romantic style, others like the philosopher Lovejoy propose that we simply forget about the word romanticism. The world specialist on Spanish romanticism, Allison Peers, has declared that Spanish romanticism probably did not exist. An Italian scholar, Gina Martegiani, wrote a book with the telltale title, "Italian Romanticism Does Not Exist." Jacques Barzun has shown that the term is so misused in popular usage that it has been drained of any real meaning. And Eliot's "Sacred Wood" has encouraged the Doubters by assuming that "the whole of the literature of Europe from Homer has a simultaneous existence and composes a simultaneous order."

True, these schools are hard to define, and the dictionaries oversimplify them. Yet there is a great difference between admitting the difficulty of definition and denying the existence of the thing one is trying to define. Even such sophisticated and vague definitions as Musset's appraisal of romanticism as merely the excessive use of adjectives, or Stendhal's view that romantic is what we like to read today and classic is what our great-grandfathers liked to read—even these acknowledge that the movement did exist.

THE Doubter may legitimately question whether our sandtard histories of literature and fine arts have not indulged in too facile classifications. The nineteenth century is always broken into romantic, romantic-realist, realist, and naturalist for the novel; romantic, parnassian, and symbolist for poetry; and romantic, realist, impressionist, and post-impressionist for painting. It is useful to have these conventional dispositions under re-examination. Perhaps the work of Sypher and others will come up with rearrangements just as valid. There is also the danger that these reappraisals will exaggerate the importance of some of the minor or transitory schools—especially if weighed by only one major criterion such as style—giving them equal importance with the more total movements. Sometimes it does not pay to draw too fine distinctions, as Whistler replied when asked whether he thought that a canvas was a genuine or an imitation Turner.

Sypher's kaleidoscope brings us up to the present, up to the cinema and the art of photography. How will the Paragon develop in the future, and how will it be studied?

THE investigation of the parallels between art and literature will of necessity become more maddening, more risky, and more chaotic in the future. In the past it was relatively easy to trace the main chapters of theory and practice in the arts and letters from Greece of the fifth century B.C. along the well-beaten path to France and England, the path trod by such historians of esthetics as Saintsbury and Spingarn. Even such disparate influences as Marx, Freud, and Darwin acted similarly upon writers and artists and drew them together rather than apart. Yet esthetics, like the universe itself, is expanding and receding. To the present chaos of medium and canon is added that of geography, with poetry coming out of Zen Buddhist temples in Japan and the best imaginative architecture being supplied on the remote badlands of Brazil.

A final complication to the future study of the Paragon is the increasingly complex meaning being assumed by the very terms literature and art. Thomas Munro in his useful book "The Arts and Their Interrelations" accepts 100 currently recognized forms of art, including coiffure, electric lighting, plastics, and taxidermy. A comparable list could be made up for literature, including copy writing, fund solicitation, television scripting, and so on. Mort Sahl insists that the instructional manual for his Jaguar was written by T. S. Eliot. Literature, like art, is being informed with propaganda, public relations, and even advertising. A perfect surrealistic or cubistic figure of a woman, reminiscent of Picasso, turns out to be a mannequin in Lili Daché's or Lord and Taylor's window. The most appealing description of a tropical landscape since Chateaubriand, or at least William Henry Hudson, turns out to be the advertisement for a Hilton Hotel located somewhere in the Caribbean.

All in all, with Robbe-Grillet and the New Novelists in France calling for "aliterature" and with the tachist painters having succeeded in "eliminating the object," studies of the Paragon—such readable and understandable studies as we have enjoyed these past few years—will be a thing of the past in our "world without object."

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Fiction

Continued from page 27

who has better handled the same material.

The story of "The Primal Yoke" develops out of the conjunction of the dude wranglers with a tycoon, who becomes involved in a crucial fight for control of his own company, and—the essential ingredient of the plot—his beautiful, totally spoiled, thoroughly rotten daughter. These characters are stereotypes. The scenes laid in the tycoon's city sound literary, and I am left with the feeling that the author knows no more about top-flight, self-made millionaire executives than do I or most other writers, which is to say, virtually nothing. This is a type that must be stalked and studied in its lairs, as Marquand did.

The characterization, as a matter of fact, is weak all around. Few of the characters really stand up, live, and breathe; there is about them an aroma of cliché. This applies even to the main character, the ex-marine dude wrangler, despite some finely written passages retelling the war experiences that have shaped him. The result is that the somewhat obvious developments, centered upon the foreseeable relationship between the ex-marine and the rich man's daughter, do not carry real conviction. These are standard situations that do not deeply move us, even though they lead several characters to bitter impasses that are solved neatly, but not very originally, by a disaster.

"The Primal Yoke" will be enjoyed for its descriptions of mountains and mountain travel. It will leave the reader hoping that before long the divine lightning will strike Mr. Lea again, as it did when he wrote his first novel.

Sex, Sin and Death

"The Silver Bacchanal," by René Fülöp-Miller *(Atheneum. 305 pp. $4.50), is a macabre satire of victims of fear and lust as they move surrealistically through their doomed city. Gladys J. Carr is executive editor of Young Americans Magazine.*

By Gladys J. Carr

SOMEONE should take time between Martinis to write a study on the bordello in modern literature. Place under glass Joyce's "Ulysses" and Genet's "Balcony," among others, and make room for "The Silver Bacchanal," René Fülöp-Miller's ironic parable of death loitering in red-lit doorways.

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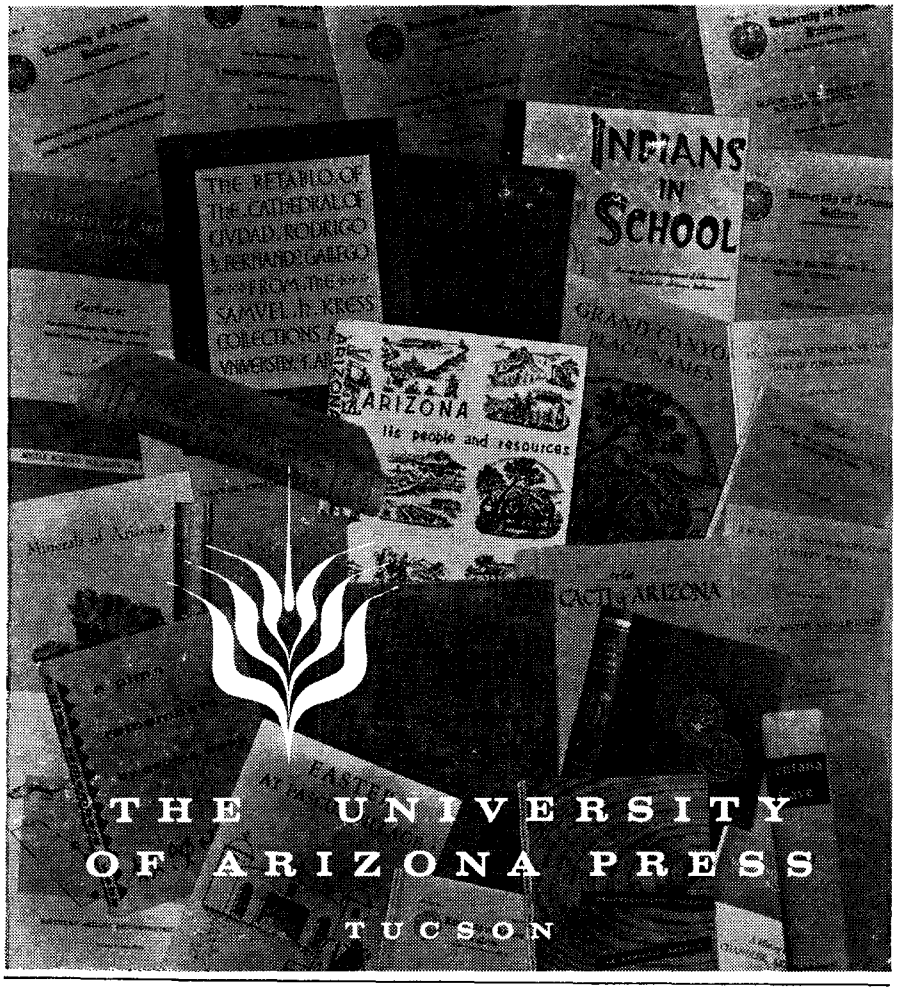

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Drohitz (somewhere in southeastern Europe) of a band of soldiers from Hill 317 who have been fighting a nameless battle in a nameless cause. Instead of an anticipated surcease in the arms of the girls of Drohitz, the regiment finds only a demonic fate. For death joins their party, sweeping through the Mashinka (red-light district) in the form of a mysterious plague. Soon it becomes clear that Drohitz, like Sodom and Gomorrah, is a doomed city. Life, from the point of view of death, is presented as a surrealistic landscape where shadow is palpable and substance evanescent, where dream and reality merge into a single experience, and all answers are called into question.

Adam Ember (Hebraic "Adam," Hungarian "Ember" – both meaning Man), a survivor of Hill 317 and of the author's earlier novel "The Night of Time," is the teller of this macabre tale, a digger of graves, a custodian of sanity, and the enduring first-person singular. The other characters–soldiers, citizens, and prostitutes–are suitably static and without heroism. As befits the characters of comedy, they are exposed rather than developed, revealed in their true natures as they are stalked by the sinister contagion. It is as if the author were turning his creatures on a spit before an infernal fire for our scrutiny.

After his appointment as Commissioner of Deceased Persons, Adam discovers that bureaucracy and red tape plague the dead no less than the living. And when the Military refuse to hand over the mayor's body to the Civilians petty warfare erupts, as it does when the Amazon-prostitutes try to break the quarantine, and when the "respectable" Drohitzers are forced to become inmates of the brothels. It is a kind of mock contrapuntal plotting, out of which human encounter is effectively projected as mass collision.

Mr. Fülöp-Miller manipulates his symbols as expertly as he does his characters. The Silver Hall of mirrors in Madame Renoir's "house" blurs distinctions and multiplies to infinity the grotesque human posturings of fear and lust. It is typical of the author's virtuosity that the silver mirrors are also a symbolic representation of his major stylistic techniques–distortion, exaggeration, optical illusion, paradox, and parody. Throughout, persons and objects vanish, to be reflected back, sometimes again and again, like the Oriental figurine and the uncemeteried mayor. Mr. Fülöp-Miller's fondness for word play also influences the imagery. When *Musca domestica* (the common housefly) is accused as the carrier of the epidemic, fly-swatter squadrons are dispatched, while in every quarter people are dying, as it were, like flies.

Using a satire often brilliant and con-

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sistently savage, Mr. Fülöp-Miller attempts to create a symbolic drama out of a pile-up of corpses. It is not as unlikely as it sounds, for the seeming absurdity of such excessive dying shuttles us between the believable and the incredible, the tragic and the comic—which is all to his purpose. But interest wanes as the reader waits for the stage to be cleared of bodies so the action can go on, only to realize that the clearing of the bodies has *become* the action. What began as a burlesque of human frailty loses focus and ends as a parody of itself. The novel is a skilful tour de force, yet it lacks the poetic density of style and symbol which would make up for a plot that fails to thicken.

No Green in the Valley

"The Robe of Honour," by Alexander Cordell *(Doubleday. 384 pp. $4.95), tells of a terrorist movement against oppression in Wales, and of a lad becoming a man. Edmund Fuller's byline appears on "Man in Modern Fiction" and other books.*

By Edmund Fuller

THIS is the story of a few years in the coal mining region of Wales, beginning in 1839. It is a mixture of family and social chronicle, narrated by Jethro Mortymer, fourteen years of age at the start, but older in harsh realities of life and also beginning to be "a little hot . . . about women."

Jethro, his widowed mother, his sister Morfydd (about thirty), and his sister-in-law Mari all live in his grandfather's house near Carmarthen. Mari's husband, Iestyn, is in prison. There is poverty in this family and throughout the district, and there is the rebellion that poverty breeds. What the present title may mean is anybody's guess; the original English title was "The Avengers of Rebecca." That would mean little here and one cannot criticize the change, but the old title points to one of the central elements.

Along with harsh laws against poaching, starvation wages, and other oppressions, these Welsh now suffer a great wave of new toll gates: on many roads that must be traveled a burdensome fee is exacted. A secret organization has sprung up. It is called "The Daughters of Rebecca," in a play upon a text from Genesis 24:60: "And they blessed Rebekah, and said unto her, Thou art our sister, be thou the mother of thousands of millions, and let thy seed possess the gate of those which hate them." The Rebeccas are men who dis-

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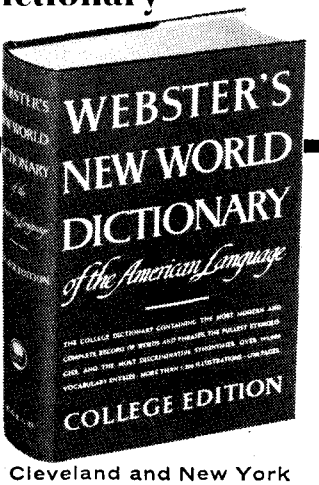

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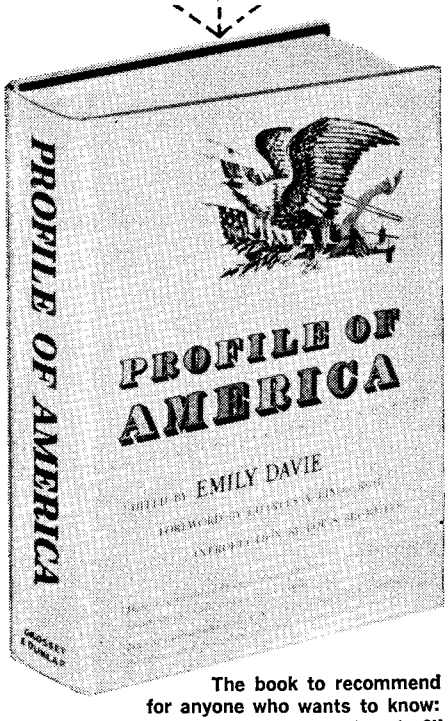

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guise themselves in women's clothing for their forays against toll gates and in their guerrilla skirmishes with hostile troops. Sometimes they raid workhouses filled under a harsh new Poor Law.

As is not uncommon with such terrorist movements, the Rebeccas are rigidly puritanical. Being nearly as narrow as Cato about kissing in public, they apply the horsewhip and the rail—locally known as the wooden horse—as guardians of public morals. Young Jethro becomes a member of the Rebeccas, to the anxiety of his womenfolk.

The family ties are close, especially between the boy and Morfydd. Spirited and unhappy, widowed with a son, she endures with Jethro grueling and dangerous work in the mines. The chief emotional complication is Jethro's growing love for Mari, which becomes increasingly difficult for both to control. But even when the news comes that Iestyn is dead, the path for them is not truly cleared.

The novel's chief merit is in several strongly etched personalities. The Welsh background is colorful, and, except for a certain cadenced monotony in its tone, the dialogue is good. Three scenes that stand out vividly are a well-conceived conversation between Jethro and Grandfer obliquely touching the boy's love for his brother's wife, the death of Grandfer, and the death of Tramping Boy Joey, reminiscent of "The Informer."

"The Robe of Honour" is much superior to the average period story. However, in addition to the clichés of its Welsh genre, the story is handicapped by a welter of inversions that become maddeningly distracting, like early *Time* style run beserk: "Stupid is fighting." . . . "Black was the river." . . . "Loaded was Grandfer." Weary is the reader.

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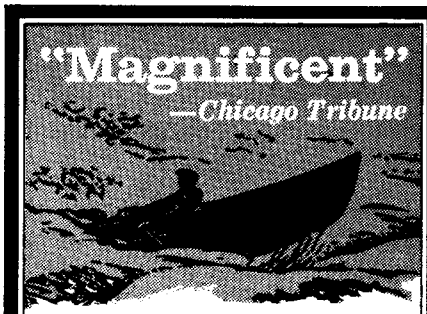

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Continued from page 17

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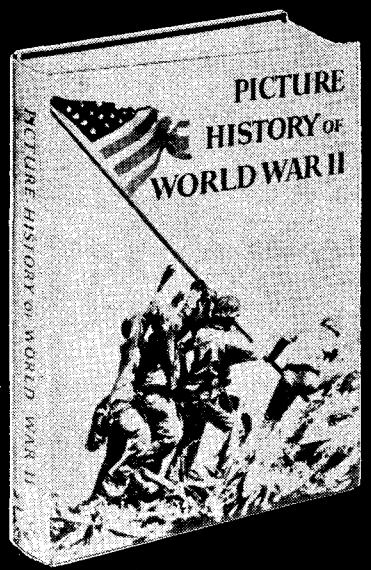

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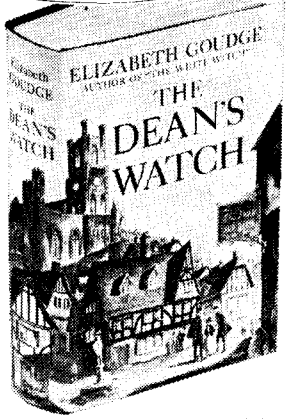

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Personal History

Continued from page 25

Kipling, whose genius he recognized, was ineradicable. He had never met anyone "as militantly esthetic as Gene Tunney," and remarked that poor D. H. Lawrence "never recognized that to be stark, staring mad is somewhat of a handicap to a writer."

Beerbohm wrestled vainly with Schopenhauer, could make nothing of William James, was put off by Yeats's occultism, and was "floored" by Bergson. Much of T. S. Eliot also floored him. He ranked Shakespeare's sonnets below Wordsworth's because he could understand the latter. W. S. Gilbert, he declared, was "as unpoetical as any man who ever lived," and he had no use for the Barrie of "Peter Pan." Gilbert Murray, he was convinced, could not write. And Sir Max could not digest Gorky.

As for his likes: He fell in love with four actresses, and married the last. He adored the stars of the Music Hall, which has been called with justice the most sentimentalized of British institutions. He liked Nat Goodwin and Clyde Fitch. Happier as a rule with painters than with writers, he valued the com-

pany of Chesterton and Belloc, as he did the work of Lewis Carroll and A. E. Housman, Siegfried Sassoon, and Robert Graves. Held high in his esteem were Jane Austen, Trollope, Turgeniev, Meredith, Lamb, James, and E. M. Forster. Bennett's "The Old Wives' Tale" was, in his opinion, "the finest novel produced in England in this century," and Compton Mackenzie's "Sinister Street" the best novel ever written about Oxford.

Behrman has complemented Beerbohm's own words with generous quotations from his writings, and with descriptions of a number of his caricatures. In the illustrations of this volume many drawings speak for themselves.

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Publishers

(*Continued from page* 15)

interest in disposing of portions of their holdings. This was accomplished through an enormously successful secondary offering of 331,740 shares that enabled a number of Rinehart heirs to get their assets in a more liquid form (which is why they sold out to Rigg in the first place) and also distributed the Holt stock more widely.

The latter point is not so frivolous as it may sound. It made it possible for Holt to transfer trading in its shares from the American Stock Exchange, the smaller of New York's two major securities markets, to the New York Stock Exchange. Many brokers think it likely that other publishing houses will attempt to secure Big Board listings in the near future.

In dollars-and-cents terms, the Rigg program for Holt has paid off. Its place in the textbook field is well established and its earnings have risen from $1.3 million in 1957 to $1.6 million in 1958 and $2 million in 1959. The cultural consequences it may be mentioned parenthetically, are not so pleasant to contemplate.

For further illumination of the profound changes taking place today in publishing, one may turn to a second major running story: the Crowell-Collier Publishing Company's gradual envelopment of Macmillan. Crowell-Collier has been in a state of flux since the departure in 1956 of Paul Smith, the erstwhile boy wonder of West Coast publishing who was unable to work his magic on the crumbling Crowell-Collier stable of magazines. Eventually, the company was forced to jettison all three of its magazines—*Woman's Home Companion, Collier's,* and *The American*—and look for new fields to till.

Wilton D. Cole, a lawyer who had spent most of his life in the paper industry, was called in as chairman and asked to put Humpty-Dumpty together again. Cole, who is tall and lean and has something of the New England schoolmaster about him, studied the situation exhaustively before moving. At length, he and Sumner Blossom, a gregarious Missourian who had edited *The American* for twenty-seven years before its demise, fixed on education as a likely area for future investment.

The company already published an encyclopedia and the Harvard Classics ("Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf"), and it soon added several radio stations in anticipation of the day when that medium might be used for teaching. Then Cole and Blossom went shopping for a textbook house.

Macmillan, meanwhile, had got itself into an extremely vulnerable position, despite its rank in 1959 as the fourth largest publisher of trade books (behind Doubleday, Harper, and McGraw-Hill). Its principal officers, George P. Brett, Jr., and his son, Bruce Y. Brett, controlled only an insignificant fraction of the firm's stock, the remainder being widely dispersed. This had come about when the house, founded in 1869 by Bruce Brett's great-grandfather, severed its ties with the British house of Macmillan in 1952 and sold its shares to the public.

The firm had, moreover, fallen on hard times. Once a power in the textbook business, and the publisher in 1936 of Margaret Mitchell's epochally successful "Gone with the Wind," Macmillan had lost ground to younger firms. More important, it lacked the resources needed for an attempt to regain its eminence in the textbook field.

At the same time that Cole and Blossom were discovering these circumstances, so was Edgar Rigg, and before long both Crowell-Collier and Holt were paying court to Macmillan. The Bretts, realizing that they had to jump in one direction or the other, decided to sell Crowell-Collier 50,000 shares of unissued stock for roughly $2 million. That was all that was said at the moment, but Crowell-Collier went quietly ahead and bought almost 100,000 more in the open market. Finally, last spring, with the public market almost dried up, Crowell-Collier went directly to the Macmillan shareholders, offering $50 a share for the 33,000 shares it needed to cement control.

The entire operation cost Crowell-Collier something like $7.5 million, and it was an operation of some delicacy. Cole and Blossom were at infinite pains to say nothing that would nettle either the Bretts or Macmillan employees. "We have every intention," they insisted, "of operating Macmillan under its present identity, and its present management."

But it soon became apparent that Crowell-Collier had no intention of overlooking ways to make Macmillan more profitable. Last month, Cole replaced the elder Brett as Macmillan chairman, and nine Macmillan employees, most of them editors, were trimmed from the board of directors. A management study, suggested by Crowell-Collier, was made by Booz, Allen & Hamilton, and some of its conclusions are now being translated into changes in the Macmillan operation. The final step has yet to come, but is under study by the Crowell-Collier board—a merger of the two companies that would preserve Macmillan's name and autonomy, but integrate the finances of the two corporations.

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millan board, the man responsible for overseeing its operations is Raymond C. Hagel, who was elected president of Crowell-Collier in mid-September. A short, owlish man in his early forties, with experience at McGraw-Hill and in his own advertising agency, Smith, Hagel & Knudsen, Hagel sees Macmillan's role in dual terms. "It must contribute a service and it must make a profit," he said recently. "I don't see how it can do one without doing the other."

He professes to see no conflict between the publisher's responsibility to his stockholders and his responsibility to the reader. Enterprises like *The New York Times*, he said, make a profit without pandering to the baser public tastes, and Macmillan will do so, too. "Judge us by what we publish," he added. "The Macmillan list in the next ten years will be a quality list."

The special contribution which Hagel thinks Crowell-Collier can make to Macmillan is modernization of distribution. "The small publisher has in too many cases been a dilettante," he said, "unable to cope with the problems of distribution and finance." If Crowell-Collier can come up with a new slant, it will be doing the entire industry a favor, for the rusty, leaky pipeline of retail book distribution is one of the publisher's principal headaches and one of the chief reasons the trade book business is so mercurial.

The book club, the sale of paperbacks in supermarkets and drugstores, and the use of mail-order advertising (especially by Simon & Schuster) are among the panaceas which publishers have prescribed for this malady. Perhaps the most striking program, however, is the Doubleday Plan. Based on a mathematical formula called Poisson distribution—once used by a German mathematician to predict, correctly, how many Prussian cavalrymen would be killed by horses' kicks over a twenty-year period—the plan enables Doubleday to tell booksellers how many copies of each of its books they should stock. It has worked well, and Harper's has adopted a similar system.

IF quality book publishing manages to stand off the threat of excessive commercialism, its stronghold may well be the combined firm of Random House and Alfred A. Knopf. Alfred Knopf may not be the "perfect publisher" that H. L. Mencken called him, but he has steadfastly spurned the fool's gold that most other publishers pass off as the real thing. Bennett Cerf's and Donald Klopfer's Random House has been less dedicated than Knopf to quality for quality's sake, but it has seldom had a mediocre list.

Knopf's willingness to join forces with Random House stemmed from his concern over the fate of his firm after the eventual death of himself and his wife, Blanche. Their son, Pat, had worked for his parents for many years, and they had hoped he would carry on. "But it was the same ancient story," says one of Pat's close friends. "They wouldn't give Pat any responsibility, and he felt he had to have some."

THE result was that the younger Knopf, together with two friends, Simon Michael Bessie of Harper's and Hiram Haydn of Random House, formed their own firm, Atheneum Publishers, in 1959. Pat's departure from Knopf grieved his father deeply and set him to brooding about the future. Then, one day last spring, he had lunch with Cerf at the Stork Club.

"When I was at college," Cerf recalled later, "Alfred was my ideal. He still is. He is the one publisher who remains true to his ideals. He's over there throwing books out the window that other people would publish in a minute, because they'd make money. Not Alfred.

"Naturally, I've always dreamed that we'd be together. So at lunch that day, I said: 'Alfred, you know, it would be wonderful if we could work with each other.' I thought he'd laugh, but he didn't. In a matter of two weeks, the deal was set." Cerf's interest in the Knopf transaction was not lessened by the fact that $1 million of Knopf's $4.1 million 1959 sales were contributed by a fast-growing college textbook department; and he is expected to announce shortly (perhaps before these words see print) the purchase of a publisher of elementary school texts.

The Knopf transaction, which cost Random House 135,000 shares of its common, or about $3 million at the then-current market, was only one development in a year of hurly-burly activity in the imposing Random House edifice at 457 Madison Avenue. The company also sold to rapacious investors 222,060 shares of its stock, so that Mr. Cerf's and Mr. Klopfer's heirs will not at some future date be required to sell it at a knock-down price to meet estate taxes; established a subsidiary called Blaisdell Publishing Company in an effort to win a portion of the science textbook market; and acquired all the stock of Beginner Books, a juvenile publisher.

And yet Mr. Cerf is convinced that all this will not change Random House policy one whit. He has no intention of interfering with the Knopf operation ("I wouldn't be so presumptuous as to tell Alfred how a publisher should behave"). He has every intention of continuing to publish books that will lose money ("I've tried to compromise between making money and publishing good books. I think I've succeeded at it"). And he is sure he will have no trouble handling shareholders, a contention that would seem to be borne out by the docile behavior of those who attended the company's first annual meeting.

As for Alfred Knopf, he thinks the level of American publishing is already so low that the journey to Wall Street will make no difference.

"If it turns out in the course of a decade that quality publishing is dead," he told me recently, "let us not blame Wall Street. Let the historian of the future look at the best-sellers this week. Is Jack Paar literature? Is 'Folk Medicine' literature? Is 'The Chapman Report' literature?"

Then the individualistic Mr. Knopf, dressed as is his custom in a colored shirt and an almost fluorescent necktie, picked up a copy of *Publishers' Weekly*. "Look at this ad," he went on, ticking off the titles:

" 'Ladies' Home Journal Cookbook' . . . 'Hummingbirds,' by the president of DuPont . . . 'Dynamic America,' a picture book by General Dynamics. . . . 'The Doubleday Pictorial Library of Science'. . . 'The American Heritage Picture History of the Civil War'. . . . He paused. "That's the state of American publishing."

One of Knopf's editors, Angus Cameron, reacting with similar indignation to the flood of books written more with scissors and paste than with pen and ink, coined the phrase "non-book" to describe the output. It was picked up by *Time* magazine as the starting point for a blistering attack on publishers in general. *Time* even cited one book bearing the Knopf imprint: "Selections from the Speeches (1900-1959) of Murray Seasongood." (Even when he commits a non-book, it would seem, Alfred Knopf does so with an Olympian disdain for mass taste.)

The central idea in the *Time* polemic was that many publishers are concerned not whether the book is good, but whether it will sell; and to *Time*'s way of thinking, neophyte publisher Bernard Geis is the P. T. Barnum of the non-book business. This infuriates Geis, a normally mild-mannered sort, and he retorts that by the same reasoning *Time* is a non-news magazine.

Geis's firm, Bernard Geis Associates, was set up in September, 1958, and published its first book in August, 1959. Several of the owners are television stars—Groucho Marx, Art Linkletter, Ralph Edwards—and, although the furor over payola and free plugs hasn't made their task easy, they have managed to help things along by touting Geis books on their shows.

"This house was set up on the premise that books are underpromoted

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and undermerchandised," Geis said recently. "The distribution of trade books is moribund. I think I can take any book, Stendhal or Max Shulman, and double or triple its sales by exposing it to the mass media." And he seems to know what he is talking about. His first five or six books had an average sale of more than 50,000 copies, and the firm ended its first year of operations with a profit in five figures, which is roughly comparable to hitting .567 with one hand tied behind you.

But what were the books like? They were mostly pre-digested trivia—efforts by Max Shulman, Groucho Marx, Abigail Van Buren, and Art Linkletter which struggled to rise to the level of the slick magazines. The firm's first quasi-serious effort, former President Truman's "Mr. Citizen," was not a great deal better. Yet Geis insists that he will publish "literature," too; to do otherwise, he says, would be "sausage-making, not publishing." Possibly as a first step in this direction, next year's list will include a first novel by Paul Herr, whom Geis describes (striking a characteristically gray-flannel chord) as "the Steinbeck of the Sixties."

Geis is not the only new house set up in the past couple of years. There have been so many, in fact, that Bennett Cerf is able to argue with some impact that this is a sign of the undiminished vigor of creative publishing. In addition to Geis, there are Clarkson Potter, Rudo Globus, and—perhaps the most noteworthy of all—Atheneum.

AT THE risk of anthropomorphism, one is almost compelled to remark that Atheneum has a personality diametrically opposed to that of Bernard Geis Associates. Housed in a beguiling brownstone in the East Thirties with a Hawthornesque red "A" on the door, Atheneum is the ward of the three young editors, Michael Bessie, Hiram Haydn, and Pat Knopf, who started it after giving up secure, well-paying jobs with older houses.

Atheneum was not started, as some firms have been, with a telephone, an office, and one good book. It was established with a round million dollars and an initial list of twenty-five books, with sixty more planned for next year. An additional asset was the U. S. distributorship for Penguin Books, necessary because, as Bessie puts it, "every small house not supported by textbooks has a continuing economic problem, and we wanted to hedge our bets a little." But there has been little hedging of quality so far, and the Atheneum triumvirate is going to try to make a go of it with quality trade books alone.

In 1960, the first year of actual publication and the second year of operation, the house will be in the red. In 1961, Bessie believes, it has a fair chance of breaking even—*if* it gets one best-seller. "There are two kinds of vitality that can make successful publishing houses," Bessie said recently. "One we can call, for lack of a better word, literary; these are people like Alfred Knopf who are in business because they want to find and publish good books. The second is an essentially commercial type of vitality, like Holt. We aspire to the first."

Michael Bessie is an editor, and editors have always been the great champions of good books. But will the New Capitalist, from Wall Street or Madison Avenue, feel as he does? Will the new generation of publishers have a sprinkling of Knopfs and Bessies, or will it be made up almost entirely of Riggs and Geises? Will there be enough men willing to print a sixty-five-page book of poetry by an unknown named Snodgrass, as Knopf did, see it win the Pulitzer Prize, and still have to tell dividend-hungry stockholders that it lost money?

Difficult questions to answer, all of them. Most of the publishers, who have something less than a detached view, agree with Bennett Cerf that all the mergers and stock issues and personnel changes will have little effect on the kinds of books published in the next decade. And yet one wonders. One wonders when he looks at wretched television program after wretched television program, and listens to the apologists for the networks argue soothingly that NBC and CBS and ABC must, after all, make money. One wonders when he reads Albert Van Nostrand's new book, "The Denatured Novel," which shows how publishers excuse themselves on the ground that they cannot give "the people" books any better than the books the people want.

There is no contention here that archaic methods are desirable in any business. There is nothing more virtuous in publishing T. S. Eliot with a sloppy shipping room than there is in publishing T. S. Eliot with an efficient shipping room. But after the shipping room is squared away, is not the temptation to straighten out the editors, too? To get some fast-moving merchandise to make that shipping room hum? A keen young Wall Street banker said it all some weeks ago as he was finishing his work on one of the larger publishing house stock issues:

"The sale went real well, and I'm happy about that. But there's something that's been worrying me all week. I just can't see these Wall Street people having any enthusiasm at all for the kind of publisher who wants to put out a book because he thinks it has something to say, regardless of its commercial potential."

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HOW TO JUDGE A DEBATE

To choose between debaters, it's well to be close up front, where you'll find the American electorate this fall—close to the candidates, close to the issues—and close to their television sets.

They will sit as a jury of 90 million with no rules but their own as to how to judge the challenge and response, the claim and counterclaim, the rebuttal and surrebuttal—and all the shades of language, gesture, inflection, and stress.

Never before have Presidential nominees faced each other in campaign debate—and never before have they faced the nation for voluntary comparison.

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Says James Reston of The New York *Times:* "*. . . these unprecedented confrontations may do more than any other campaign appearances to determine the outcome of the election.*" And Roscoe Drummond of the New York *Herald Tribune* comments that they "*should make the most vibrant, engrossing, dramatic Presidential campaign in memory (and) do more to bring voters to the polls than all the get-out-the-vote exhortation of fifty years.*"

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Today, while opening a forum to a nation, television is also theatre, lecture hall, place of worship, newsroom, museum, classroom, sports arena—for the enjoyment and self-fulfillment of unprecedented millions.

TELEVISION INFORMATION OFFICE, 666 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

IN OCTOBER

A FEW PROGRAMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

(Times indicated are Current N. Y. Time)

"Love In America"
Art Carney stars in a satire on various aspects of l'amour Américain.
Sunday, October 2 (9-10 PM)

"The Plausible Impossible"
Walt Disney explores the way fantastic things are made rational in art and literature.
Sunday, October 9 (6:30-7:30 PM)

"Story of Adolph Eichmann"
Dramatization of the life and capture of the notorious Nazi.
Wednesday, October 12 (10-11 PM)

"The Money Raisers"
A documentary on where your money goes when you donate to fund-raising campaigns, on "Closeup."
Thursday, October 13 (10:30-11 PM)

"The Cold Woman"
A study of frigidity; first of a series: "Special For Women."
Friday, October 14 (4-5 PM)

"Yellowstone Bear Country"
Disney films of the life of the black bears in our oldest and largest National Park.
Sunday, October 16 (6:30-7:30 PM)

"All Star Circus"
Video-taped at the famous Cirkus Schumann in Copenhagen, special telecast for children of all ages.
Friday, October 21 (9-10 PM)

"The Right Man"
Garry Moore is host in a historical revue of presidential campaigns told in music, dramatic vignettes and film.
Monday, October 24 (8:30-9:30 PM)

"John Brown's Raid"
Drama of the historic raid, taped on location at Harper's Ferry.
Tuesday, October 25 (10-11 PM)

"Shangri-La"
The James Hilton "Lost Horizon" story. A play with music.
Monday, October 24 (9:30-11 PM)

"The Thinking Machine"
Cybernetics, the relationship between men and machines. First of new series of one-hour special programs, "Tomorrow" on the Age of Technology.
Wednesday, October 26 (10-11 PM)

"Our American Heritage"
Story of young America with Ralph Bellamy as Thomas Jefferson.
Thursday, October 27 (7:30-8:30 PM)

"The Three Musketeers"
First of six two-hour dramatic specials based on the great novels—presented on successive nights in two installments.
Friday, October 28 and
Saturday, October 29 (7:30-8:30 PM)

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Sundays:	CBS Television Workshop College News Conference Ed Newman Reporting Face the Nation Meet the Press Open Hearing The Twentieth Century
Mondays:	Presidential Countdown
Thursdays:	Person to Person
Fridays:	Eyewitness to History
Saturdays:	Campaign Roundup World Wide 60
Mon-Fri:	Continental Classroom

NOTE: *Times, programs, titles and casts are subject to change. Consult local papers for times and programming details.*

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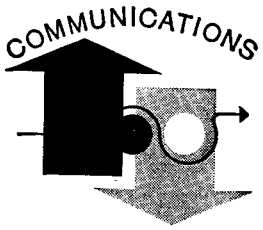
COMMUNICATIONS

A New SR Monthly Supplement



Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN

THE means of communication have never been so effective nor the professional communicators so skilled as they are today. Through magazines, newspapers, radio, television, advertising, and public relations we can reach audiences of millions with unprecedented speed and impact. Moments after an event in the Congo, a newscaster in a small Nevada radio station is reporting it to a desert audience. Yet sometimes our communications seem more swift than sure. They have an Alice-in-Wonderland quality about them, at least in part because the professionals often think more about how they are communicating than what they are communicating and why they are doing it.

The new *Saturday Review* Communications Supplement will focus attention on the vital role of public communicators in the age of communication, when the need and the responsibility for better liaison everywhere have never been more critical. In the new section, which opens with this issue and will be published as a magazine-within-a-magazine the second week of each month, the format will cover all the professional communications media, including advertising, the press, radio and television, public relations, public opinion polling, book and magazine publishing, the teaching of journalism. The monthly columnists, abetted by special contributors, will report on how well the men and women and the various media of communication for which they work go about their business. These writers will seek to provide accurate, authoritative, up-to-date analysis and information on the performance of publications, companies, and professionals in all of the communications media. The reader will, in effect, look over the shoulder of those who communicate professionally as they talk shop and are talked about.

In the following pages, for example, Robert Shaplen writes about a publisher whose newspaper empire has suddenly surpassed the Hearst chain, Samuel I. Newhouse. How has Newhouse accomplished what he has in so short a time? Is this newest newspaper empire likely to raise the standard of American journalism—or bring it closer to supermarket merchandising? Is Newhouse a force for responsible communication or is he a menace and a roadblock? Is he likely to operate in the public interest or will his philosophy be the public be damned? Shaplen's profile of Samuel I. Newhouse suggests some answers.

Was Joseph Alsop, the intrepid columnist, right or wrong when he lit into the early pre-election Gallup Poll, its methods, and its results? Elmo Roper discusses the controversy and both men's points of view, giving his own analysis of polling methods in this section. Why did Charles Percy, the progressive young president of Bell & Howell, stick to his guns when certain regional outlets threatened to take his products off their shelves because his company sponsored an Ed Murrow TV show on integration? What happened when he refused to cave in to their threats against his company? Robert Lewis Shayon went to Chicago to interview Chuck Percy and others at Bell & Howell; his report is included in this section.

John Tebbel reports on the biggest magazine success story in years: *Mc-*

SR/COMMUNICATIONS

OCTOBER 8, 1960

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THE REMARKABLE MR. MAYES
By John Tebbel **63**

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Call's, under its brilliant new editor (but old hand) Herbert Mayes. James Webb Young, the dean of advertising elder statesmen, writes a provocative open letter on the fear of advertising among endowment presidents and pedants generally and offers some concrete suggestions on what can be done about it. Frank Luther Mott surveys from a lifetime of journalistic experience that potential monster, the ever-expanding mass markets.

So, we set sail. Our course is into the unknown, our destination truth and readability. Welcome aboard. —R.L.T.

About the Editor

RICHARD LARDNER TOBIN, the editor of this supplement, has been a newspaperman for almost thirty years. Tall and vigorous, he has silver-grey hair, a cheerful mien, and a slightly battered hawk's nose. The nose is a memento of football days in Michigan; in the course of one season's play it was broken five times, once by Jumping Joe Savoldi, an exuberant line-plunger who later became an All American at Notre Dame.

Mr. Tobin entered the communications field at fifteen on his father's paper, the *Niles* (Michigan) *Daily Star*, and later became editor of the University of Michigan *Daily*. At Ann Arbor his editorials were so vigorous that he became a *cause célèbre* and Stanley Walker, city editor of the *New York Herald Tribune*, promptly hired him after graduation in 1932. He stayed with the *Herald Tribune* for twenty-five years, as reporter, war correspondent, city editor, editorial writer, and radio and TV news analyst. He covered the Lindbergh kidnapping through the execution of Hauptmann, broadcast from London vivid descriptions of the Invasion in 1944, ran the Herald Tribune Forum, and taught journalism at Columbia University.

Throughout the 1956 Presidential campaign, Mr. Tobin was public relations director of the National Citizens for Eisenhower committee, and early in 1960 he joined Leonard Hall to do a similar job through November 8. The author of three books, Mr. Tobin has written a fourth that will be published next January by World. Titled "Decisions of Destiny," it is about Presidents and the great decisions they have made which have changed the scope of the office.

Madison Avenue

Open Letter to a Foundation

Gentlemen:

Many years ago, when Max Mason was president of the University of Chicago, he undertook a campaign to raise $17,000,000 in endowment funds from within the city of Chicago.

I was appointed chairman of the volunteer Publicity Committee for the campaign.

The publicity plan which this committee proposed included a series of paid advertisements in which the acres of the University of Chicago campus would be described as the most productive in the city.

This proposal produced a violently negative reaction from Dr. Mason, in spite of its approval by his trustees and his Faculty Campaign Committee. Anything called "advertising" was anathema to him, and he declared he would rather abandon the campaign than see the name of the University of Chicago attached to an advertisement. "Publicity" (cadged for) was respectable. But "advertising" (paid for) was *déclassée*.

I have often wondered whether lingering notions of this kind have not prevented our great foundations from making a true appraisal of the massive, demonstrated educational potentials in the array of modern facilities and techniques called advertising.

The only foundation officer I ever met who made such an appraisal was the late, great Alan Gregg. His conclusions led him to give long and devoted personal service to the use of advertising for public-service projects, as a member of the Public Policy Committee of the Advertising Council. And I think I may possess the last letter he ever wrote, testifying to his great satisfaction in that activity. ....

It is through this Advertising Council that, over the last eighteen years, a complete demonstration has been made of the special power of advertising as a means of informing, persuading, and activating people for many socially desirable programs.

American business has made this demonstration possible by contributing, last year alone, $183,000,000 worth of its own advertising time and space for Advertising Council campaigns for U.S. Savings Bonds, forest fire prevention, better schools, mental health, the Red Cross, and many others.

But much more could be done if the money were available for massive, focused advertising attacks on other problems.

Consider, for instance, the large role you, as a great foundation, have played in the *production* of knowledge. Must you leave the *distribution* of that knowledge to its slow seepage into the minds of all those who could profit from it—*and* have that process take upwards of twenty years, as I have been told it does, for example, even when an agricultural college has *demonstrated* an improved practice?

I note, to take one instance, that a certain foundation has furnished some $600,000 for the development and demonstration of an improved method of teaching high school mathematics. No doubt this has been well publicized in professional journals, and even as a one-time news item in some "thought-leader" publications.

But what about the millions of parents who need to know that being at ease in the language of mathematics will be one of the most important single skills their children can have in the age we have entered? Isn't it these people whose pressure on their schools will determine how soon the drag of fixed teaching habits will be overcome?

And what about all those adult mathematical ignoramuses, such as myself, who realize, however dimly, the extent of this hiatus in their own knowledge, and have itched to close it? Who will carry this good news to Aix?

Are there not fields like this where only you could furnish the funds to do what the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company does so well in the accelerated distribution of medical knowledge through advertising?

Consider the case of the firetrap of a state penitentiary which burned down with a great loss of life—and burned up, too, a thorough piece of research, several years old, that forecast just such a danger. This occurred because nobody had bothered to distribute the conclusions of that research to the people, in ways that would persuade them to act.

(*Continued on page* 64)

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THE NEWHOUSE PHENOMENON

The emergence of any newspaper empire is worth watching. But when a newspaper empire has mushroomed almost overnight to become the second largest in the nation, it inevitably commands more than ordinary attention. None has commanded more attention in recent months than the far-flung enterprises of Samuel I. Newhouse, whose journalistic empire-building is chronicled here by Robert Shaplen, a long-time newspaperman, author, and magazine writer.

By ROBERT SHAPLEN

—*Wide World.*

Samuel I. Newhouse—he quietly builds an empire.

WHILE the old newspaper empires of Hearst and Scripps-Howard and McCormick-Patterson have been dwindling in numbers and vitality during the last decade or two, a new kind of tycoon, Samuel Irving Newhouse, a peripatetic little man with a battered brown briefcase for an office and a bountiful supply of hard cash, has become one of America's leading publishers. Newhouse, who describes himself as a "newspaper businessman and technician," now owns fourteen papers outright, among them the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, the *Portland Oregonian*, and the *Birmingham News*, and in total number, though not in circulation, he is one ahead of Hearst. Scripps-Howard still controls eighteen, but Newhouse is far from through. In the last few months he has bought a 15 per cent interest in the *Denver Post* and 40 per cent of the three papers in Springfield, Massachusetts, the *Republican*, the *Union*, and the *News*. He has already arranged to buy another 45 per cent of the three by 1967, although it now appears he will have a fight on his hands to gain absolute control in Springfield, as well as in Denver. He also owns the Condé Nast magazines, which include *Vogue*, *Glamour*, and *House & Garden*, and their editions abroad; the Street & Smith magazines, including *Mademoiselle;* and a Paris publication called *Adam*. Six TV and three radio stations round out the Newhouse portfolio—for the moment. He has another dozen or so prospects that range from warm to hot, and is currently trying to buy papers in Boston and Worcester, Massachusetts, and in Nashville and Dallas. For some time he has been reported to be seeking an interest in *Newsweek*.

Newhouse's rise to eminence in the field of communications is a phenomenon that bears close examination on several counts. Since the pre-war period, there has been a sad and steady diminution in the total number of newspapers in this country, with the result that some top-flight dailies and weeklies have folded because of financial difficulties, while others have merged with lesser but healthier competitors. In still other cases, sales of long-time family-held properties have taken place because of deaths that produced bickering among heirs or brought about cumbersome trusteeships. In too many cities, the end result has been a monopoly of single ownership, sometimes, as in the case of Newhouse's three Syracuse papers, not only dividing the morning, afternoon, and Sunday fields in advertising and circulation but also splitting the political spectrum. Gone are the days when great newspapers bore the distinctive stamp of dynamically expressive men, a Bennett, a Greeley, a Day, a Dana, a Raymond, a Pulitzer, or an Ochs. *The New York Times*, while it is perhaps our only great newspaper today, still lacks the

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special character it had under Ochs, while the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, under lesser Pulitzers than Joseph, is not what it used to be and is, in fact, losing ground to Newhouse's opportunistic, livelier *Globe-Democrat*, with its sharp civic appeal, in the daily though not in the Sunday field.

The Newhouse enterprise prides itself on its decentralized and nonstandardized formula, whereby each paper is allowed to go its own way editorially. Another name for the formula is absentee ownership; the organization's very dispassion and lack of forceful editorial control from the top —in short, its lack of an imprimatur—is open to criticism as motivated by something other than a staunch belief in a free press. It has been said that Newhouse buys papers as a collector would pieces of sculpture. It would be more exact to say that he buys them like horses—for the dollar distance he can get out of them on a long and sometimes muddy track. The distance he has covered to date has been considerable, for the estimated $150 million fortune of this self-effacing, self-made man, now sixty-five years old, has been almost all won, he maintains, in publishing. Notwithstanding his business acumen, he can properly be called the "organization man" of journalism, embracing and exemplifying as he does the contemporary concept of economic gain ahead of meaningful influence in the market place of ideas. In today's climate of opinion and opinion-making, he represents the kind of cultural flatness that more than one contemporary critic has noted generally in the American scene.

BUT let us, at the outset, be fair to Newhouse, who is both a highly perceptive and an often engaging man. When I visited him not long ago in his Park Avenue duplex, on the eve of his departure for Europe (more purchases admittedly in the offing), he talked frankly about his methods and his philosophy. They are both empirical, accounting for his belief that "the days when newspapers were highly partisan are gone." (Partisan in what sense, yesterday vis-à-vis today, I wondered, but we didn't go into that, for he had his own point to make.) Harking back thirty years ago to his initial newspaper purchase, the *Staten Island Advance*, which he still owns, Newhouse said, "I began with the idea of having a newspaper of my own and being its spokesman, but then, when I began to expand, I felt I had to concentrate on developing new properties instead of simply building up the ones I already had. I had the hunch, intuitively, that staying in the background, from the editorial standpoint, would help my papers. I felt they would do much better if I remained the operating, motivating head and allowed each local management to run its own show, keeping its own community touch. This was just something that developed gradually in my mind, and it's worked out."

Whether it has always worked out, whether indeed it is possible for a paper to "keep its own community touch" when it is in the hands of an outsider and operating thereby in a kind of vacuum, is doubtful, though, again in fairness to Newhouse, it must he said that, for the most part, he has kept his hands off. In his scheme of things, so long as a paper continues to make money, editorial advice is given only if it is asked for. Newhouse, a Democrat, has often disagreed with his editors on politics, but he continues to give them free rein. Most of his papers have been consistently pro-Eisenhower for eight years. It's no secret that he disapproves of the segregationist policies of the highly prosperous *Birmingham News*, for which, along with the *Huntsville* (Alabama) *Times*, he paid a record price of $18.7 million in 1955; and he and Alexander (Casey) Jones, editor of the *Syracuse Herald-Journal*, have differed over a number of issues, including China policy. As Philip Hochstein, who has been with Newhouse since the early Staten Island days and now acts as general editorial director, puts it, "Each paper must consistently earn the right, through editorial vigor and integrity, to rule itself."

Hochstein, a gentle, thoughtful man with an almost academic approach to his job, goes on to say, "Mr. Newhouse is interested in a paper as an institution *and* a property. He's big enough to be interested in both, and he's least of all concerned with an immediate return. For the sake of integrity, he'll even take a loss, but naturally he expects to make money in the long run." Hochstein cites Newark and St. Louis as two examples of properties where yearly profits have been sacrificed for long-term gains and have regularly been plowed back into the editorial operation against tough local competition. (But, at the same time, Hochstein also admits that Newhouse salaries are not munificent, even though all but two of the papers are now solidly in the black; and Newhouse has been accused more than once of trimming sails by cutting editorial and mechanical costs and payrolls, notably in St. Louis and Portland.)

There are those who believe Newhouse's policy of editorial noninterference is a sham. The issue was raised sharply not long ago by James Wechsler, editor of the *New York Post*, who charged that the Newhouse papers were all operated on the "frank premise" that only the box office, not editorial content, counts. Hochstein immediately labeled the charge "outrageously untrue." Wechsler then asked, "Do you think that degree of indulgence [to editors] would survive if one of the newspapers engaged in a campaign which incurred the hostility of local advertising interests and resulted in severe commercial setbacks?" Hochstein replied that, though no such problems had arisen, there was sufficient economic strength in the organization as a whole to handle this firmly if the occasion arose. When I saw Hochstein, he told me there had been at least one instance, in Newark some years ago, when a strong hand had been taken against advertisers who objected to a story on a leading local gangster. (That one, of course, was easy; the paper had been involved with a bootlegging crowd when Newhouse bought it, and the influence obviously had to be eliminated.) The Wechsler-Hochstein exchange seems to me to have missed the main issue: whether an owner of many newspapers (Newhouse stanchly insists he does not run a chain) should, in today's context, make his presence felt and himself a factor in molding opinion. This is what Wechsler has ably done on his editorial page. Newhouse could indeed play a far greater role, editorially, than he does—and still make his large profits.

THIS, however, immediately raises that other important question: Can home rule and home ownership properly be separated without losing something vital in the operation of a paper? The issue has been brought forcibly to public attention as a result of Newhouse's purchase last June, for almost $2 million, of the 40 per cent holdings in the Springfield papers that were owned by the relatives of the late Samuel Bowles, founder of the *Republican*. At the same time, the widow and children of Sherman H. Bowles, another family branch, agreed to sell Newhouse the 45 per cent they will control of the three papers in 1967. At that time the voting rights of the trustees who took over management control in 1952 expire. The employees' pension funds own 15 per cent. Newhouse has already deposited the additional $2 million or so for the Sherman Bowles holdings in a Boston Bank.

The Springfield deal was a complete surprise to the community and to the editorial staffs of these excellent papers.

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"The work and pride of four generations is at an inglorious end," a front-page editorial in the *News* declared. "Inroads by outsiders into New England business are attaining galloping proportions. . . . Principle, integrity, and courage are giving way to the lure of easy money. . . . The Bowles family has chosen to abdicate in favor of an outsider. . . . His [Newhouse's] motives are allegedly profits. This represents his first invasion of New England. It is not good for the community. . . ." William Baldwin, great-grandson of Samuel Bowles, declared that he and his relatives sold out because they had no real voice "in determination of dividends and other vital decisions" under the trustee system. Actually, there are four members of the two branches of the Bowles family on the eleven-man board of directors of the parent company, the Republican Company, though the dominant operating hand has been held by the four trustees of the pension funds, including a top editor from each paper. The trustees immediately denied the claim of one of the Bowles attorneys that they had been given a chance to meet Newhouse's offer and had refused.

SIDNEY COOK, director and treasurer of the Republican Company and spokesman for the papers' management, which is determined to battle Newhouse as hard as it can, met him in New Haven the day of the original announcement and again in New York four days after that, when he told Newhouse that, as a minority stockholder, neither Newhouse nor his agents would be welcome in Springfield; Newhouse, in fact, has not been allowed in the plant or permitted to look at the books.

Editorial sentiment would appear to be behind Cook and against Newhouse—the pension funds there have been acknowledged to be among the best-run in the country—but if the management persists in its efforts to keep Newhouse completely out now (he does, after all, whether it meets with local approval or not, already control two-fifths of the operating company), he will undoubtedly go to court to obtain access to records. In the meantime, in what is a preliminary round of legal skirmishing, he has filed suit to force the pension funds to turn over to the Republican Company, which Newhouse of course hopes to run completely by 1967, the half control of a local TV and radio station the trustees bought in 1953. The argument of Newhouse spokesmen is that the station should be owned by "a responsible group" and that the pension funds are not "dynamic" enough. The management in Springfield contends that Newhouse is already out to destroy the pension funds as the first step in his subtle campaign to establish firmly the kind of absentee control he seeks, and needs, to make his operation financially successful. The TV suit already "has destroyed the myth," says management, that Newhouse is content "with normal profits from his investments, and [will] benignly let alone the management and employees of his individual enterprises."

A current ally of the Springfield papers in their fight to keep Newhouse out, at least as long as possible, is the *Denver Post*. This spring, soon after Newhouse bought 15 per cent of the *Post*'s stock from Mrs. May Bonfils Stanton, a daughter of one of the founders, another daughter, Mrs. Helen Bonfils Davis, who hasn't spoken to her sister for years, took steps to protect her equity. Unlike Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. Davis has played an active role in the paper's direction, and she wants no part of Newhouse in Colorado. For $20 more a share than the $240 per share that Newhouse paid Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. Davis and her associates purchased 21 per cent of the paper's stock from one of several outside trusts, and thereby boosted their combined holdings to 41 per cent. Newhouse can still gain majority control, but it is now apparent he will have to pay heavily for it—and the chance remains that the opposition will beat him to the punch. In the meantime, Newhouse has been received with medium cordiality in Denver. He was at least taken through the plant, and, as Palmer Hoyt, the publisher, emphasized, he was treated as any other minority stockholder would have been.

Perhaps a more serious ally of the Springfield group is Senator Wayne Morse, the combative Oregon Democrat. Morse, who in the past has hit Newhouse's alleged strike-breaking tactics in Portland, late in August announced in the Senate: "I have studied in some detail the practices of the growing Newhouse monopoly. I am satisfied it is a threat to sound public policy in this country. I serve notice today that in the next session of Congress I shall do all within my power to seek a Congressional investigation of the type of monopolistic practices the Newhouse so-called newspaper, radio, television chain is developing in this country. The American people need to be warned before it is too late about the threat which is arising as a result of the monopolistic practices of the Newhouse interests. . . . I have only begun to fight. . . ."

HOW far Morse will get remains to be seen. Newhouse and his lawyers have carefully established their operation to handle such challenges with as much legality as they can muster, both as regards possible monopoly attacks against them and for tax protection. Virtually every newspaper in the Newhouse group is split in ownership—that is to say, a Syracuse company owns part of the paper in Jersey City, a Newark company owns the Springfield interest, the Birmingham interest is split between an Oregon and a New Jersey concern, and so on. (All of the stock of the various individual newspaper corporations, however, is held by Advance Publications, Inc., which is entirely owned by Newhouse.) By dividing ownership of the specific newspapers in this fashion, Newhouse is able to avoid violating Securities and Exchange Commission regulations forbidding "unreasonable accumulation of surplus," and he can at the same time lessen his tax burden. He has lately extended

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"Wouldn't you give anything to see their faces in the morning?"

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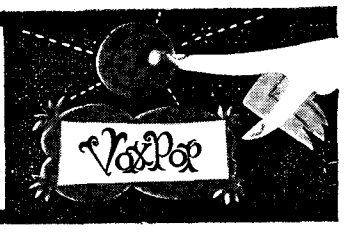
Polls and Sampling



By ELMO ROPER, *public opinion analyst and an SR editor-at-large.*

THIS is another one of those years when public opinion polls are much in the news. It is also—by a tradition established as early as 1936—open season on pollsters. This is the year when violent partisans on both sides of the political fence feel they have a perfect right to challenge the statistical competence, the psychological competence, and even the integrity of everyone who publishes poll results they don't like. It is the year when a plethora of articles will reveal that behind the illusion of the voter's free choice lie the machinations of crafty and amoral pollsters who pull the strings of a puppet electorate. Sometimes these charges are made honestly, by people genuinely concerned over the possible effects of polls on elections. Other times they are made cynically or out of rancor at particular poll results which show someone's favorite candidate lagging.

So far this year, the attacks leveled at the polls have come chiefly from two people: Senator Albert Gore of Tennessee and columnist Joseph Alsop. Of these attacks, the more important comes from Senator Gore. In discussing it, I hasten to say that I have a great respect for Senator Gore and do not believe he is in any sense guilty of wanting to wreck the profession of political poll-taking by reckless charges. He is an honest man, honestly concerned over any indication that polls have an unfortunate effect on the operation of our democracy. Senator Gore's primary misgiving is that the polls create a bandwagon effect in favor of the candidate who is shown to be ahead. Now, I suspect it is quite true that when quite large numbers of people have no clear candidate preference, some people simply decide to vote for "the winner"—just as others vote for "the underdog." Yet I cannot believe that the polls themselves have ever generated either movement in any perceptible degree—for the simple reason that, over the years, the polls have been remarkably accurate predictors of election outcomes. As for 1948, there was clearly no bandwagon operating, although the polls might indeed have helped to generate an *overconfidence* in Dewey supporters that contributed to his defeat. The polls, like almost all other political prognostications, were wrong in 1948 primarily because of the assumption of a static rather than what turned out to be an extremely fluid political situation, in which the polls of August had little relevance in November.

Let me say here that the polls of August—or even mid-October—should never be assumed to be guaranteed predictors of the election itself. In politics, new elements may enter the situation suddenly, elements like Harry Truman's fighting 1948 campaign or the Israeli invasion of Egypt in 1956, which will render yesterday's poll meaningless. Pollsters try at best to gain a little understanding of the mind of the electorate at a given point in time, and perhaps to gain some sense of the direction in which voters are moving; they have no magic looking glass into the future. Because of this, I welcome criticisms which serve to dispel the aura of undue power and omniscience that sometimes surrounds the polls.

IN A sense I share *some* of Senator Gore's misgivings, particularly about the effect of the polls on *nominations*. I have been dismayed to find many convention delegates exhibiting an obsessive and exclusive interest in finding a winner, dismayed at the weight given to pre-convention polls which are in my opinion little more than a name-familiarity game, but which are often accepted as gospel evidence of the ability to win in November. Yet when Senator Gore goes on to challenge the validity of the polls because of problems in their interpretation, such as the questions of how to distinguish voters from nonvoters and how to separate true "undecideds" from those reluctant to reveal their candidate preference, I cannot subscribe to his view. In the first place, I again offer past Presidential poll results as an indication that we are solving these problems pretty well; the rough spots that remain are only, to my mind, challenges to further refinements of the polling device. I cannot go along with the Senator when he attacks the size of Dr. George Gallup's sample. Personally, I feel just a bit safer with a somewhat larger sample, primarily to permit the reliable analysis of population subgroups (such as farmers or people living in the Far West), but I'm sure Senator Gore would think our sample was too small, too.

I don't understand Senator Gore to be in any sense attacking Dr. Gallup's integrity. If he did, I would have to disagree with him, because I have known George Gallup for twenty-five years, and I am sure he has one basic interest in his polling—to be right.

Columnist Joseph Alsop carefully points out in *his* attack on Gallup that "All this is not intended to suggest that Dr. Gallup has been cooking his poll. He has not been doing anything of the sort." Yet the Alsop queries seem to me to be quite different from those of Senator Gore. Joseph Alsop is, of course, an ardent advocate of the candidacy of Senator Kennedy. It is quite understandable that he should be looking hard for flaws in anything which indicated that his favorite was not now well ahead.

First, he challenges Dr. Gallup's inclusion in the totals of those he describes as "leaning" rather than "decided" in favor of Nixon or Kennedy. Now, one thing pollsters have learned is that some people are loath to do more than hint broadly at what they may do in November, and one problem the pollsters have been working on since 1936 (when both George Gallup and I started doing political surveys) is the perfection of a battery of questions which will let us know what is *likely* to be the end action of somebody who is playing cagey. If this is a fault of Gallup's, I share it with him. Back when Roosevelt was running for the Presidency, we used to find people who would indicate that they had never voted anything but Democratic in their life, that they thought Roosevelt had saved us from economic ruin, that they regarded him as one of the three or four greatest Presidents America ever had, that they thought Dewey was not competent to be anything more than a District Attorney, and that they viewed the Republican Party with deep distrust—and who would then cagily answer, "I don't know," when we asked them for whom they would vote.

Alsop also observes that Dr. Gallup did not count all of the people he interviewed as *potential voters* and points out that more of the people Gallup did not include call themselves Democrats than call themselves Republicans. From this he seems to conclude that Gallup gave Senator Kennedy a raw deal. This, of course, clearly reveals Joseph Alsop's ignorance about polling. The question of who will vote is the hardest one pollsters have to answer. Because it has become "not respectable" to admit that one does not intend to vote, we nor-

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A TWENTIETH-CENTURY MONSTER: THE MASS AUDIENCE

By FRANK LUTHER MOTT, *dean emeritus of the University of Missouri's School of Journalism.*

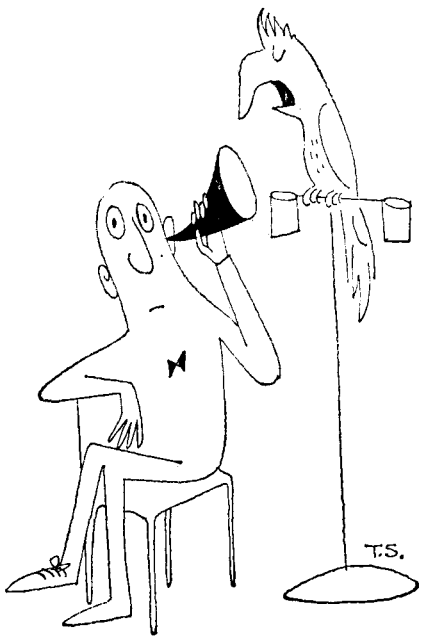
THE EARLY application of the word "mass" as applied to people was nearly always derogatory. Its first recorded use in the "New English Dictionary" is dated 1675; in that quotation it is the "corrupted mass" of the population. In virtually every other context of that era, and for years afterwards, the mass or masses as terms bore a connotation of contempt or disdain.

Today, however, our idea of "mass" is different. When we talk about the mass audience and the mass media, it is usually with no overtones of disdain or contempt; our usage is reflected in the modern dictionary definition—"the general body of mankind." And it is this very comprehensiveness in the current use of "mass" that makes it such a terrifying word. It is so large, at first sight so amorphous, and certainly so hard to examine, to classify, to predict, and to manage, that our critics, scholars, and practical media men are staggered by it.

It began, in the Western world, with the Industrial Revolution. Steam power, cylinder presses, and the Fourdrinier paper-making machine made cheap printing possible at the same time that the reading public was being enlarged by the growing independence of laboring men. Thus, in America, the first penny papers of the 1830s were, whatever their politics, a factor in what we call the movement of Jacksonian democracy. Newspaper circulations soared, magazines made a bid for the big audience. Then came the electronic revolution in communication and, as early as 1941 and Pearl Harbor, President Roosevelt's post-attack radio address was heard by 60,000,000 adults. By 1948, 10,000,000 TV viewers were watching Truman's inauguration. Mass communication had bred mass audiences.

It may as well be noted here that the Frankenstein that helped create the monster was advertising promotion. Our major communications media —newspapers, magazines, radio, and television—are all dependent on advertising. Pay television is thus far, at least, only wishful thinking. Adless newspapers and adless magazines of general circulation have been attempted without permanent success. The incentive for circulation-building by newspapers and magazines over the years has been the prospect of getting more advertising at higher rates.

But now, with the mass audience achieved, the formula does not work out as anticipated. The chief trouble is that this vast audience is not on a single level, but is divided horizontally and vertically into many segments. If Vance Packard's treatment of American status lines does nothing else, it reminds us profitably of the great variety of these segments. Eric Sevareid wrote last year in *TV Guide:* "The public is generally treated as one big majority; actually it is a collection of minorities, vastly different in desires and tastes and educational levels, and it must be so treated." But this statement, though it represents thinking in the right direction, still does not recognize the true nature and complication of the mass audience. Nor is it enough to say, as some do, that the "mass" is, in reality, simply millions of individuals—not



ground up, worked into dough, and baked in a loaf that we call by the term "mass," but each with an individuality. That, also, is true enough, so far as it goes; but we must consider that any given individual has affinities for others, as directed by common characteristics of intelligence, environment, family and racial origins, economic status, and so on. Perhaps the best summary of the matter is that of William Stephenson, who declares: "About the only safe conclusion . . . is that every product, or idea, or medium has to be studied specifically for the segmentation it enjoins." That is precisely what advertisers and media managers are being forced to do.

Now, despite the obvious disparateness in the mass audience, we cannot but note, with something akin to despair over the obtuseness of some of our media leaders, that an equalitarian fallacy casts its shadow over the entire process of mass communication —over newspaper and magazine editing, over radio and television programming, over advertising copywriting. Representative Emanuel Celler, of New York, presented an epigram to the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences in 1957: "What most people want is what all people get." This epitomizes the equalitarian fallacy of mass communication. It is as though the media were saying to us: "You are all modern Americans; therefore you must all have the same interests, tastes, intelligence, and desires."

And yet their leaders are disturbed by the fact that this is not really true, that it is too easy an answer—that it is, indeed, the big lie of mass communication operation. Our researchers and expert measurers of motivations and responses are industriously compiling statistics to controvert the Big Lie of the equalitarian mass, and yet its effects are all too evident in all media. It has a tendency to produce a certain sameness. It leads toward imitation of one big magazine by another, of newspapers by each other, of radio and television shows and network programming by one another, and of each entire medium by its rivals, so that each one seems to sit in the other's lap. Worst of all, it tends to

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subdue any clash of minority ideologies, and to produce a bland and uncritical temper throughout the media.

The big magazines find that, now that they have their multimillion, multisegmented circulations, many prospective advertisers do not want to buy such audiences at the high prices ($25,000 to $50,000 a page) demanded. The magazines cannot retreat from their price schedules because production costs for big circulations are tremendous and increasing; besides, every new subscription costs much more to get than it brings in, and so the great expense of keeping ahead in the circulation race has to be added to the already swollen production cost. Thus the grand total required for feeding the mass-audience monster calls for higher rates than many advertisers are prepared to pay. In this connection, it should be remembered that big circulations have been built, with great skill and energy, over a period of years, in order to command not only increased rates but greater volume, not only high-priced advertising but lots of it.

A PARTIAL answer hit upon in the 1950s was the split-run circulation, by which a magazine inserted a given advertisement in only a part of the total copies distributed. Here was a process of desegmentation, or dissection, chiefly by areas, of an audience unmanageable as mass. Nearly all the big consumer magazines are doing it now; a recent compilation lists 124 of them offering split-run services. The scheme seems to work successfully. Has the monster thus been tamed and harnessed and broken to ride like Alley Oop's Dinny?

No; the split run is little more than a makeshift, or at best an answer to a part of the problem. It evades, for example, the outstanding fact that the most significant division in the mass audience is that which is based on differences in intelligence; and that fact applies to the advertising audience as well as to the readers of editorial content. There is no split-run technique to separate the relatively thoughtful, more or less cultivated group from those with grosser tastes.

Consider the plight of editorial management among the top-circulation magazines. No split runs for them; *Life's* six and a half million weekly readers and the *Digest's* twelve million monthly followers in America are served a common bill of fare.

There was a flurry in magazine circles a couple of years ago over techniques of creating "images" for the various publications; if such an "image" were firm and durable, it might be expected to separate given groups of image-worshipers from the mass, and thus give favored magazines more or less homogeneous audiences. Of course, the more specialized magazines have always done precisely that, but it is a difficult game for the big ones. Nevertheless, they try it, and some image-molding to attract special reader segments goes on.

The newspapers' problem in facing the mass audience is different from that of the magazines, since there are no really national newspapers. But, although our great metropolitan dailies may be limited in geographical scope, they still have to deal with all the disparate and heterogeneous elements of the mass represented in their sprawling home areas. Some tend intelligently to type themselves by their news policies, i.e., to build up in the minds of customers fairly distinct "images," as the lingo has it; others are "neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring," but appear to seize upon whatever seems to be the usual newspaper fare and put it together to make papers without character or individuality.

But it is the television networks that find the multisegmented mass audience monstrous indeed. Oscar Katz, of CBS, was recently quoted as declaring that TV was "the massiest mass medium in the history of media." It is indeed the medium that has to face the immediate mass audience in full blast and on a national scale. Almost sixty million receiving sets in nearly nine-tenths of American homes occasionally draw as many viewers at one time. Leaders of the industry are by no means unaware of the nature of their dilemma. Frank Stanton, president of CBS, wrote recently:

> There is no formula by which it can be estimated how much serious drama, how much discussion, or how much light diversion fifty million different people want in their leisure hours. We have always to experiment, sometimes drawing back and trying again later. Our overriding problem in programming is avoiding the dangers of moving out too far too fast or lagging too far behind. We need constantly to respect *all* the individuals who make up our audiences, and we need to find more about our audiences as we go along.

Here we have an outstanding leader intelligently facing the great dilemma of television—a dilemma shared, we must not forget, by all the media. All the media are on public trial; all must have popular support to exist. This American way of popular decision is unlikely to be supplanted by any method devised by the wise ones. But Dr. Stanton's words suggest, and the practice of the networks illustrates, an inclination to excuse a lack of boldness by insistence on the dangers of aiming too high in the scale of intelligence in the mass audience, and placing the whole blame for shoddy performance on the people in general. "This is what the people want," the argument runs, "and therefore this is what we must give them."

To a degree, this is an inescapable rule of survival. But how can program directors and editors be sure that more adult offerings may not find a profitable public if they are properly promoted? The nuances of popular interest are so varied in their manifestations, their degrees, their shifts and fluctuations, that one grows skeptical of the statistics turned in by the various systems for measuring audiences. These systems are, obviously, desperate efforts to tame and harness the twentieth-century monster we have been discussing; and our quarrel is not with their inquiries as such, but with the terribly serious acceptance of them as positive guides in programming and print editing. Every Monday morning Ed Sullivan makes a telephone call to learn the fateful figures: "I tell you," he says, "I die a thousand deaths in that thirty seconds between saying 'Hello' and hearing the rating of my show the night before."

Never in the history of American journalism have the newspapermen themselves been more critical of their own work. The American Society of Newspaper Editors, the Associated Press Managing Editors, the forums and institutes held by the schools all show a sharp awareness of crisis and of responsibility. Leaders of vision tend to agree that the future newspaper will be more and more a journal of record and review, leaving entertainment for entertainment's sake to other media.

TELEVISION is certainly looking itself over with some care since the scandals of 1959; such are the values of adversity. It may be that Charles Van Doren will turn out to be, through the beneficent effects of the reforms that his duplicity set off, the quizzical angel that he appeared to many of us before he became a fallen angel. Sig Mickelson, of CBS News, declared recently that sponsors were looking for programs that would "set them apart" and "afford a greater dignity, a greater memorability." Possibly we may even see and hear what radio once called "narrowcasting" to minorities.

Let us not forget that both ratings and reader-interest surveys show only what people pick and choose among current offerings—not necessarily what they want most.

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MR. PERCY'S TORCH FOR TELEVISION

By ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON,
SR's radio and television critic.

Bell & Howell's Charles H. Percy—an antidote for TV timidity.

I AM intrigued by certain significant implications of the Bell & Howell Company's adventure in prime-time, public-affairs programming on television; but first I want to make an unabashed tribute to the Chicago camera company's example of business statesmanship at its finest. Last May, Bell & Howell gave the lie to the hoary superstition that sponsorship of serious, "controversial" content on TV is disastrous to the sponsor. The historic battleground was "Who Speaks for the South?"—a report on school desegregation in Atlanta, in the Ed Murrow-Fred Friendly series, "CBS Reports." Charles H. Percy, Bell & Howell president, and Peter G. Peterson, his executive vice president, were warned that the result of sponsoring this program would be "boycotts, loss of dealerships, decreased sales, and consumer resentment from certain groups."

Broadcasting's Hall of Business Reality is well stocked with corporate images that heeded similar warnings and judiciously backed out of sponsorship of programs that might offend customers. Bell & Howell, however, did not back away from "Who Speaks for the South?" And, for the fifty-three-year-old Chicago company, the outcome was far from disastrous. A recent mail count showed 456 letters received, with only fourteen unfavorable. There has been no dealer or consumer boycott. Sales in June, in the South as well as the North, rose well above those in the same month last year. Among the favorable letter-writers were customers who vowed they were married to the Bell & Howell label in camera purchases from here to eternity.

The company's sponsorship of this important public-affairs program was not an isolated case. It had bought time and shared the program cost of other "CBS Reports," including the Howard K. Smith "Population Explosion," which took broadcasting for the first time into the sensitive area of birth control. Before that, B & H had begun their prime-time, public-affairs campaign on NBC with a Chet Huntley documentary on the Berlin crisis. Currently, the company has bought a heavy package of John Daly documentaries on ABC, along with twenty-six weeks of the Winston Churchill series. Mr. Percy, Mr. Peterson, and their associates at B & H are firmly, happily, and aggressively committed to the sponsorship of the stimulating, the important, and the controversial.

The youthful Bell & Howell leadership knew they were taking a calculated risk two and a half years ago when they adopted their television policy. They had been participating sponsors of action-adventure programs ("Ellery Queen," "Cimarron City," "Restless Gun") and the ratings were agreeable, the cost-per-thousand low; but Chuck Percy was "constructively dissatisfied." He kept needling Pete Peterson to get off the mediocre "me-too" television bandwagon. Both men are devotees of Sydney J. Harris's Chicago Great Books seminars (Union League Club), where rigorous thinking led them to admit that the end of business is profit-making, but that profit-making is a means to an end. One Sunday morning, at home, Mr. Peterson's two-year-old son was riding the channels in the living room, and he brought his dad unexpectedly face to face with an "intellectual ghetto" documentary on Red China. The B & H executive was shaken by the vivid films of the Communist upheaval in China and reflected that he had witnessed the program merely by accident. It was tragic, he concluded, that most Americans could not see such a program in the evening. The Bell & Howell team began talking to network officials. They suggested that they would buy time in the evening for spirited public-affairs programs, give the networks an absolutely free hand in choice of content, and waive any pre-broadcast censorship, if the network would share the risk with them by picking up part of the actual program cost.

There is more to it than that, of

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course. One hand washes the other, runs an old Latin proverb. Bell & Howell makes quality cameras. Market studies conducted by the company have shown that people who buy B & H products have tastes that run to the serious in television. The company has approximately one million dollars to spend on television advertising—a modest budget compared to the annual sums spent by big sponsors. Percy and his associates found that they could reach their particular market more swiftly and surely with quality programs to match their high-quality product. Their sponsor identification was sharper, their brand images more favorable. In an audio-visual business related strongly to education, creative public-affairs programming won hands down for B & H as against action-adventure "me-tooism." To say that it's good business for Bell & Howell to program in the gray-matter spectrum is not at all to undercut its service to public understanding of the great issues of our time. What B & H's action says, in unmistakable language, is that what is good for public understanding is good for business, and this is the path that Bell & Howell is pioneering in television.

The business community, to date, shows no great eagerness to take light from the B & H torch. Prior to one program sponsored by his company, Mr. Percy sent letters to many of his business friends in other companies, asking them to watch the show and comment on his new program policy. Reactions were mixed. One top executive gave credit to B & H for bringing such thought-provoking messages to the minority who want to view them. Candidly, he went on: "If the networks are smart they'll counteract the Ph.D. crowd who are clamoring for Washington 'to pass a law,' by filling their airlanes with all kinds of educational pap this summer—when viewing is down anyway—so that by fall the masses will be sick of nutritional salads and want a big plate of Western meat and potatoes."

ANOTHER executive took a dim view of the possibilities of using the mass media to get ideas into the people's heads. A third said: "Keep trying, because even 'Lassie' on TV is controversial." Pete Peterson, the B & H vice president, suggests that many wealthier advertisers who sell more expensive products could profitably apportion pieces of their annual budgets to informational broadcasting directed at more sophisticated audiences. He maintains that it makes sense even for advertisers of over-the-counter goods to reach fractions of the audience with special programs. Television would win more friends if other sponsors could find their selling situation compatible with prime-time public-affairs programming. For the average television program, the audience, on an income basis, breaks down as follows: 42 per cent lower, 38 per cent middle, 20 per cent upper. Ratings for the "CBS Reports" series were these: 38 per cent lower, 39 per cent middle, 23 per cent upper. Thus, the 4 per cent loss in the lower-income audience is balanced by a 1 per cent gain in the middle group and a 3 per cent gain in the upper group. But this is merely counting noses: Nielsen studies of Bell & Howell programs show a high degree of impact for content and commercial message.

This company is convinced, in the light of its experience, that the negative aspects of controversy on the air have been greatly exaggerated. They expect negative reactions in the future, but they anticipate that the positive aspects will far outweigh them.

Two further inferences may be drawn from the Bell & Howell experience. One concerns the role of the advertising agency. When a sponsor has a mind of his own, the agency will probably be passively helpful. The B & H people report that their agency, McCann-Erickson, has helped them calculate the risk and properly appraise the adventure, but has not tried to veto it. The second inference concerns the networks. A glance at the coming subject matter scheduled for B & H by ABC-TV this season shows nothing unusually "controversial." There is a program on race prejudice in the North, another on fund-raising by charitable organizations, another on balloting for local-option propositions, one more on labor problems at missile bases, and two programs dealing with Communist influence in Africa and Cuba. It is quite possible that the degree of penetration into these areas will be deep; it would be unfair to offer judgment in advance.

BUT this observer cannot help feeling that such themes would get on the air anyway without the special backing of a Bell & Howell. In B & H, ABC has the dream sponsor: now is the time for all good public-affairs departments to show what they can really do. If they settle for more or less routine public-affairs programs, hardly distinguishable from what the opposition puts on, it will be fair to say that the root of the traditional public-affairs inadequacy on television is to be found not at the sponsor's door, but rather at the feet of the networks' timidities. Chuck Percy, of Bell & Howell, regards ABC-TV as his full-fledged partner in this public-affairs adventure. He has come to the network asking, "What can we do for you?" He confidently expects that the network will answer in kind. It's worth hoping his expectation is rewarded.

"Two per cent of the people do all the thinking for everyone—so leave me alone—I'm thinking."

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Magazines

The Remarkable Mr. Mayes

By JOHN TEBBEL, *director of New York University's Graduate Institute of Book Publishing and former chairman of its Department of Journalism. Mr. Tebbel, the author of numerous books, is also a frequent contributor to magazines.*

SINCE THE middle and late nineteenth century, when *Godey's Lady's Book* and its many imitators brought "unalloyed pleasure to the female mind," as Mr. Godey himself put it, the history of women's magazines in America has been a frustrating record of man's painful attempts to discover what pleasures the female mind can and will absorb.

Godey and those who came after him held the traditional male view of the century that women could, and indeed should, concern themselves only with fashion and recipes, except for sentimental fiction designed to improve moral character, and poetry intended as an outlet for what passed as passion.

This view of women and their parlor reading prevailed until the First World War, when universal suffrage upset traditional patterns and liberated women from parlor and kitchen. The new girl of the Twenties was not one to be long satisfied with the "cookie-and-pattern" formula, as it was sometimes disdainfully called, and the editors of women's magazines who failed to read the signs soon found themselves unemployed.

Some of the magazines themselves began to disappear. *Delineator* and *Pictorial Review* were among the better-known early victims. Edward Bok, great editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal,* had departed in 1919 but had anticipated later trends so well that it was several years before the times caught up with the handsome periodical he created. Fortunately, the Curtis Publishing Company was able to produce a husband-and-wife team, Bruce and Beatrice Gould, who have successfully kept the *Journal* at or near the top since the day they first sat down to their tandem editorship.

Changing times and the changing interests of women, as well as the fiercely competitive character of the women's magazine business, have left only three major periodicals in the field today: *McCall's, Good Housekeeping,* and the *Journal.* All three are highly successful properties in an era when the over-all history of newspapers, books, and magazines is one of increasing volume and a decreasing number of publishers, who are more and more vulnerable to mergers if not to sudden death.

FOR the last several months, people involved with the magazine business have been watching—some with amusement, others with admiration, all with fascination—the remarkable renaissance of *McCall's,* which has risen in less than two years from near the bottom to the top of the heap.

The man responsible for this phoenix flight is a graying, intensely active, sixty-year-old veteran of the magazine wars who is sometimes called the dean of American editors. His name is Herbert Mayes, and he has been an editor since 1920. What he has done with *McCall's* is a story that well illustrates the sword-in-the-fruitcake character of magazine publishing.

McCall's modern history begins in 1919, when a hustling department store executive, William Bishop Warner, came to it from Detroit and, by pouring out money and talent, converted the faltering pattern book into a major magazine in the women's field.

He solidified its position in 1928 by appointing twenty-three-year-old Otis L. Wiese as editor. For about thirty years Wiese ran *McCall's* with something like genius. He threw out the oversentimental fiction, welcoming good contemporary writers; he introduced serious articles, lifted the magazine's typographical face, employed more and more color printing, began running full-length novels, and departmentalized the contents into separate sections. Later, he modified this somewhat rigid departmentalization and broadened the readership of the magazine to take in all the family, giving to our language in doing so that immortal cliché, "togetherness."

But corporate troubles that were not of Wiese's doing ultimately overtook him, and in 1958 one of those internal convulsions which Theodore H. White recently dissected in "The View from the Fortieth Floor" brought in new management and ended Wiese's editorship. Mayes, his successor, was hired away from *McCall's* more successful competitor, *Good Housekeeping,* which he had edited for twenty years.

Mayes had come into the "consumer" magazine field, as it is known in the business, by way of trade magazines, beginning with the *Inland Merchant* in 1920, then as editor of the trade paper division of Western Newspaper Union, and finally as editor of *American Druggist.* He moved into the women's magazine field in 1934 when he took over *Pictorial Review,* and transferred to William Randolph Hearst's *Good Housekeeping* in 1938, when it was already a substantial property but slipping a little (it was often described as an "old ladies' magazine").

HEARST had learned, or knew instinctively, what Cyrus H. K. Curtis knew—that the way to publish a successful magazine was to find a first-class editor and leave him alone to run it. One of the things Hearst always said, and he said many things, was a simple dictum: "I don't ask my editors to support me in my political views; I only ask them not to oppose me." In return, he usually gave his editors—magazine, not newspaper—comparative freedom as long as they produced results.

Mayes produced them, which was doubly fortunate since he seldom found himself in agreement with the Chief. In his two decades of editorship, he made *Good Housekeeping* one of the three or four most valuable magazine properties in the United States. Then, in 1954, the Great Collector died and the periodical fell into the hands of

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an old-line executive, Richard E. Berlin, now president of the Hearst Corporation.

Berlin was a seasoned executive—although some thought the seasoning was gall and wormwood—and an able business manager of Hearst properties, but he was no editor. Like a good many business-office men before him, however, he had delusions of editorial grandeur and soon began to take a somewhat less than companionable grip on the reins that had been held so long by Mayes alone.

IN the light of publishing history, this was hardly good sense. Every great magazine and newspaper has been a one-man show, independent of the business office, turning out a product bearing the clear and unmistakable imprint of the editor. Berlin had a classic example before him in Hearst himself, who was the real editor of his newspapers, and in Ray Long, who had been both president and editor-in-chief of *Good Housekeeping* before Mayes came. But he chose to ignore these examples. Friction developed between the two men, and it was no secret in the trade that Berlin and Mayes were profoundly unhappy with each other. The offer from *McCall's* must have come as a welcome relief to both.

Mayes moved from Eighth Avenue to Park Avenue and took his top editorial executives with him, except for the art director. The first and most spectacular evidence of his reign at *McCall's* was the new physical look he gave the magazine. Wandering happily about the art department, he began to expand the use of photographs, giving photographers a range and freedom of expression they had never known at *McCall's*. Visiting the corporation's excellent printing plant in Dayton, Ohio, he inquired whether there was any reason why the presses could not be made to "bleed" any page in the magazine he desired.

"Bleeding," the process by which pictures are made to run off the margins of a page, is a sight especially familiar to readers of women's magazines, and the answer to Mayes's question was that the machinery gripping the plates (or pages) to the press came up over the margins in some cases and prevented bleeding. At Mayes's suggestion, production men attacked the problem and a grip was devised which left the margins free to be bled on any page. The result was the magazine's present high, wide, and handsome use of color photography and illustration, running rampant on and off page after page.

Having shown what he could do with *McCall's* large page size, compared with the restrictive size of *Good Housekeeping*'s smaller page, Mayes turned to the magazine's content. Believing implicitly that a periodical for women must be primarily a "service" organ (the basic premise upon which he built *Good Housekeeping*'s success), he has been busy improving and expanding the fashion and homemaking sections of *McCall's* and adding new features.

He also introduced a series of forthright, controversial articles—attacking airlines' treatment of passengers, questioning the shibboleths surrounding life insurance, analyzing the craze for teen-age marriages, defending chiropractors. He excerpted substantial portions of current nonfiction books. Zsa Zsa Gabor jostled Anthony Eden in *McCall's* pages; Clare Boothe Luce was nicely balanced against Eleanor Roosevelt. The Duke of Windsor found himself in the irreverent company of Art Buchwald and Groucho Marx.

IN fiction, Mayes held to his *Good Housekeeping* policy of not rejecting an off-beat story on principle, and attempting to keep the general level above the merely popular. At the same time he went after books that were certain to be best-sellers. Recently he bought the magazine rights to Herman Wouk's forthcoming novel, "Youngblood Hawk," the story of a Thomas Wolfe-like writer.

In general, Mayes intends, with both fiction and nonfiction, to broaden *McCall's* horizon beyond the supposed limits of the female mind, on the premise that the intelligent, literate woman is interested in pretty much every aspect of American life, and although his competitors are engaged in doing the same thing, more or less, Mayes hopes to do it better, or at least differently. He never shrinks from the unorthodox. Salvador Dali illustrated a recent story; Chagall may be a future contributor.

The dollars-and-cents results of Mayes's editorship are clear enough. Figures from the Publishers' Information Bureau as of August 31 show that in two years *McCall's* has jumped from last place to first in dollar volume, recording $18,211,160 as against the *Journal*'s $17,798,821 for the first eight months of 1960. Mayes expects the figure will be $28 million by the end of this year, and $40 million is anticipated for next year. Similarly, *McCall's* leads the Big Three in advertising linage this year, again jumping from last to first. In circulation, *McCall's* as of June, 1960, had 6,212,000 as against the *Journal*'s 6,279,000, but the latter figure included some of the circulation acquired as the result of purchasing *Household* magazine. Mayes has added more than a million to *McCall's* circulation. *Good Housekeeping* is now third, with 4,673,000.

This is not to say that either *Good Housekeeping* or the *Ladies' Home Journal* is in any danger of execution. On the contrary, they are healthy, prospering, and growing; indeed, they are constantly improving under the pressure of *McCall's* competition. Nonetheless, *Good Housekeeping* is a fast third behind the other two, and *aficionados* of the business sometimes wonder what reflections pass through Mr. Berlin's mind these days.

Madison Avenue

(*Continued from page* 54)

Are there studies that you have financed which you believe reveal dangers as great, or greater?

For instance, what do all your studies of education reveal? How urgent is it that there now be raised, through the snow and ice of indifference, a banner with that strange device: "Excellence!" Advertising has helped rear many better school buildings in this country. It could raise that banner too, and set people to marching under it.

Please do not think I am suggesting that the Kingdom of Heaven can be taken by money, any more than it can be taken by force. But bits of it can be taken by the reiterative power inherent in advertising. "To whom would you make the message clear? . . . It is line upon line . . . precept upon precept." That is just as true today as when Isaiah said it. It is the reiteration that takes the money.

The demonstration of advertising's power has been made. In the Advertising Council there exists the nonprofit "operational organization" which foundation grants usually require. The best advertising brains in America ("Madison Avenue," if you please) give their talents to this organization, without pay. I solicit your serious attention to the possibilities. —JAMES WEBB YOUNG.

The author of the preceding column is widely known as the elder statesman of advertising. One of the pioneers in the world's largest advertising agency—for which he still serves as a consultant—he now divides his time between Madison Avenue and his apple farm in New Mexico. Mr. Young will contribute regularly to this section of the Communications Supplement.

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Newhouse

(*Continued from page* 57)

this principle to his magazine holdings; a Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, company, the Patriot-News Company, which operates Newhouse's two papers in that city, now owns 52 per cent of Condé Nast (which in turn owns Street & Smith) and loans by the Patriot-News Company to Condé Nast, which have helped bring the latter out of the red, have simultaneously and advantageously altered the Patriot-News Company's surplus rating.

ONE can only speculate about the results of a monopoly suit against Newhouse. In Syracuse, for example, where he controls the only three papers, the *Herald-Journal*, the *Post-Standard*, and the *Sunday Herald-American*, there have been monopoly rumblings, but Newhouse has a strong case; he originally offered a surplus plant he had bought, belonging to the old *Herald*, to the *Post-Standard*, which turned it down and later bought it at a higher price at auction; the paper then had more financial trouble and finally sold out to Newhouse, who claimed that it was unprofitable at the time and not worth buying, though he has since put it on its feet.

Newhouse's inner organization remains a smooth, family-operated one. He and his two brothers, Norman and Theodore, and his two sons, Samuel, Jr., and Donald, along with Hochstein, share the job of supervising the various publications, primarily from a circulation and technical standpoint. Newhouse himself pays most attention to his two Long Island papers, the *Press* and the *Star-Journal*, and to the *Jersey City Journal*, the *Newark Star-Ledger*, and the three papers in Syracuse. He will go for weeks or even months at a time without even visiting St. Louis or Portland, but one of the sons or brothers will do so regularly. The territory is neatly divided. As Newhouse recently put it, "Denver makes a nice stop for one of the boys on the way from Alabama to Portland." His attitude toward his sons is highly realistic. "I'm very hard-boiled about them," he says. "I've built this thing up and I'm not going to let it go to pieces. The boys have been trained differently from myself. The older one, Si, is very interested in politics and public affairs, and he may eventually have more to say about policy than I have." Early this year, Newhouse announced that, upon his death, 90 per cent of his fortune will go to a foundation, already established, and that his sons, now thirty and thirty-two, will work on salary (Newhouse's own is reported to be $250,000 a year); he has already given $2 million to Syracuse University for the establishment of a new communications center.

One cannot help but be impressed by the tough, practical way in which Sam Newhouse operates, even if one does not approve of the influence he has come to have over American journalism. The fundamental fact remains: newspapers should not be bought like used autos, or any other kind of commodity. Currently, Newhouse's little brown briefcase, which reportedly has all the Wall Street money behind it that might be required to bolster his own resources, is full of salient facts about numberless papers and magazines in the country. Put unpoetically, he's got the joint cased. This is why, when he gets a call from a newspaper or magazine broker that such-and-such a property can be had for so many millions, he can say in a flash, sight unseen, yes or no. Indeed, he did just that, affirmatively, in the case of Portland and Syracuse, without going to either city. In more than one instance, his background knowledge and his ability to move quickly with a ready wad of cash have beaten other would-be buyers to the draw. In the past decade alone, Newhouse has shelled out $43 million for his purchases.

WHERE Hearst has lost $2 million in the last six months, Newhouse goes rolling on profitably, although no figures are announced because his is a private business. Unless the government steps in, or unless prospective sellers acquire a lot more backbone (one way of giving it to them, it has been suggested, is to have Congress raise the capital gains tax on the sales of newspaper companies to the level of income taxes), Newhouse can go on buying more and more publications. In an era of mass communications, as the cultural flattening-out process continues, abetted by TV's mediocrity, the Newhouse formula is as unique as it is financially rewarding. How good it is for the nation's newspapers will remain highly debatable. Even accepting the policy of noninterference at face value, in contrast to the methods of Hearst and Scripps-Howard with their concomitant bureaucracy, red tape, and often brutal administrative and editorial application, one can still wish that Samuel Irving Newhouse were not quite so uncommitted and faceless.

More importantly, as the newspaper cemetery continues to grow apace, no one man or organization should obtain control of too many survivors, for the public, wittingly or unwittingly, will alone be left to mourn.

Polls

(*Continued from page* 58)

mally hear from 80 to 90 per cent solemnly assert that, come next November, they will be at the polls. All of us in this profession have had to develop a whole battery of questions designed to discover just which 50 or 60 per cent of the total eligible voting population will actually cast a ballot. For Joseph Alsop to raise questions on this point is simply naïve.

Alsop also complains that George Gallup puts a discount rate on the voters from the South—totally ignoring the fact that both Gallup and our organization have said several hundred times in the last twenty-five years that the tool we use did not permit us to forecast electoral college votes but only the popular vote. Why anyone should include the South (where the percentage of people voting is the lowest in the country) at its full strength in order to determine national popular vote leaves me a bit mystified.

Finally, Mr. Alsop indulges in one of the oldest forms of statistical gymnastics to come forth with the conclusion that "the mere transfer of 39 votes either way would have altered Dr. Gallup's nationwide percentages to show Kennedy running dead even with Nixon or to show Nixon leading Kennedy, 53-41." This form of gymnastics with *figures* only amuses statisticians, but possibly it confuses the general public. True, the possibility of sampling variation exists, even in a much larger sample than Gallup's. But, again, I submit that the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and where our results and Gallup's have generally differed by only one or two percentage points and poll results have differed from election results by roughly the same margins, these polls can be taken to be reasonably reliable measurements of voter intentions *at the time of taking*.

I have no objection to the fact that a considerable number of people are looking at polls with a very sober and critical eye and are trying to find out whether or not they have, on balance, a bad effect on our democracy. Certainly I welcome the idea of the Congressional investigation proposed by Senator Gore. I think that when *anything* is thought by intelligent people—such as Senator Gore—to have a potentially deleterious effect on our democracy, then the more light that can be thrown on it, the better. A Congressional investigation is one way of throwing light. But irresponsible charges against one of the nation's most reputable poll-takers will not further the search for enlightenment.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1385

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Withhold social or business intercourse from, as expression of disapproval or means of coercion (named for first victim, 1880).	179 97 35 187 87 79 174
B. Oppressive; burdensome.	110 14 171 146 104 68 58
C. Pepys' word for his sick wife, usually following "poor".	71 135 100 164 182 127
D. Agent, commonly in a bad sense.	193 73 60 185 172 113 150 140
E. French physicist, remembered chiefly for his valve used in electrolysis.	138 106 38 67 47
F. Flushing.	189 34 51 59 143 161
G. Softened bread, cake, etc., in a liquid so as to expedite eating (orig. dial. U.S.).	18 44 75 31 157 63
H. Kipling described her as a rag and a bone and a hank of hair.	132 116 4 93 82 50 21
I. Said to be as good as a feast.	123 69 57 78 15 99
J. Not such as to make one amused.	36 118 109 43 52 114 56 66
K. Completing Mary Johnston's title, historical novel, 1899 (2 wds.; following "To Have and").	173 72 153 37 45 53
L. Lord whose daughter eloped with the Chief of Ulva's Isle, in old ballad by Thomas Campbell, 1809.	40 190 155 62 184
M. English actress, now Mrs. Belmont of the Met. Opera Association.	102 131 41 6 162 124
N. Demand peremptorily; require authoritatively.	160 20 144 112 148

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Something a man becomes, when "he undergoes a fatty degeneration of his moral being" in marriage (RLS in "Virginibus Puerisque").	126 32 117 119 101 55 81
P. What the family pets Wol and Weeps were, in the Farley Mowat story.	39 141 156 95
Q. Stripped the blubber from a whale.	120 8 139 158 7 169 33
R. An English poet laureate; capital of a great state; tiny motorcar; but not Jane!	64 178 151 88 122 167
S. Having double strings, like a mandolin.	103 191 152 94 2 26 125
T. Involve unfavorably.	9 22 85 3 46 80 142 96 133
U. A runoff; an efflux.	165 186 98 10 130 134 145
V. The impenitent thief at the Cross (Apocrypha).	84 19 105 168 92 111
W. Hero of Jacob Abbott's juvenile books.	121 13 24 77 137
X. Expanded, esp. statements, as by addition; increased (volume) mechanically.	29 107 129 180 166 192 147 176 115
Y. Allegorical poem, 14th cent., hitting off religious and social evils of the times (2 wds.).	23 183 149 30 108 177 12 89 163 136 154 83
Z. Make prominent.	188 128 90 1 65 181 159 175 48
Z1. Anything that by design seizes immediate attention (comp.; not yet in WNI).	11 27 5 76 16 42 61 86 54 170
Z2. Rhine bridge famous with us since 1945.	91 49 28 25 70 74 17

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

			1 Z	2 S	3 T	4 H	5 Z1	6 M	7 Q		8 Q	9 T	10 U	11 Z1		12 Y
13 W	14 B	15 I		16 Z1	17 Z2	18 G		19 V	20 N	21 H	22 T	23 Y	24 W	25 Z2	26 S	27 Z1
	28 Z2	29 X	30 Y	31 G	32 O	33 Q		34 F	35 A		36 J	37 K		38 E	39 P	40 L
41 M	42 Z1	43 J	44 G	45 K		46 T	47 E	48 Z	49 Z2	50 H	51 F	52 J	53 K	54 Z1	55 O	
56 J	57 I		58 B	59 F	60 D	61 Z1	62 L	63 G	64 R	65 Z		66 J	67 E	68 B	69 I	70 Z2
	71 C	72 K	73 D	74 Z2	75 G		76 Z1	77 W	78 I	79 A	80 T	81 O	82 H	83 Y	84 V	
85 T	86 Z1	87 A	88 R	89 Y	90 Z	91 Z2	92 V	93 H	94 S	95 P		96 T	97 A		98 U	99 I
100 C	101 O	102 M		103 S	104 B	105 V	106 E	107 X	108 Y		109 J	110 B		111 V	112 N	113 D
114 J	115 X	116 H	117 O		118 J	119 O		120 Q	121 W	122 R	123 I	124 M	125 S	126 O	127 C	128 Z
129 X		130 U	131 M	132 H	133 T		134 U	135 C		136 Y	137 W	138 E	139 Q	140 D		141 P
142 T	143 F		144 N		145 U	146 B	147 X	148 N	149 Y	150 D	151 R		152 S	153 K	154 Y	155 L
156 P	157 G	158 Q	159 Z	160 N		161 F	162 M	163 Y		164 C	165 U		166 X	167 R	168 V	169 Q
170 Z1	171 B	172 D	173 K		174 A	175 Z	176 X		177 Y	178 R	179 A	180 X	181 Z	182 C		183 Y
184 L		185 D	186 U	187 A	188 Z		189 F		190 L	191 S	192 X	193 D				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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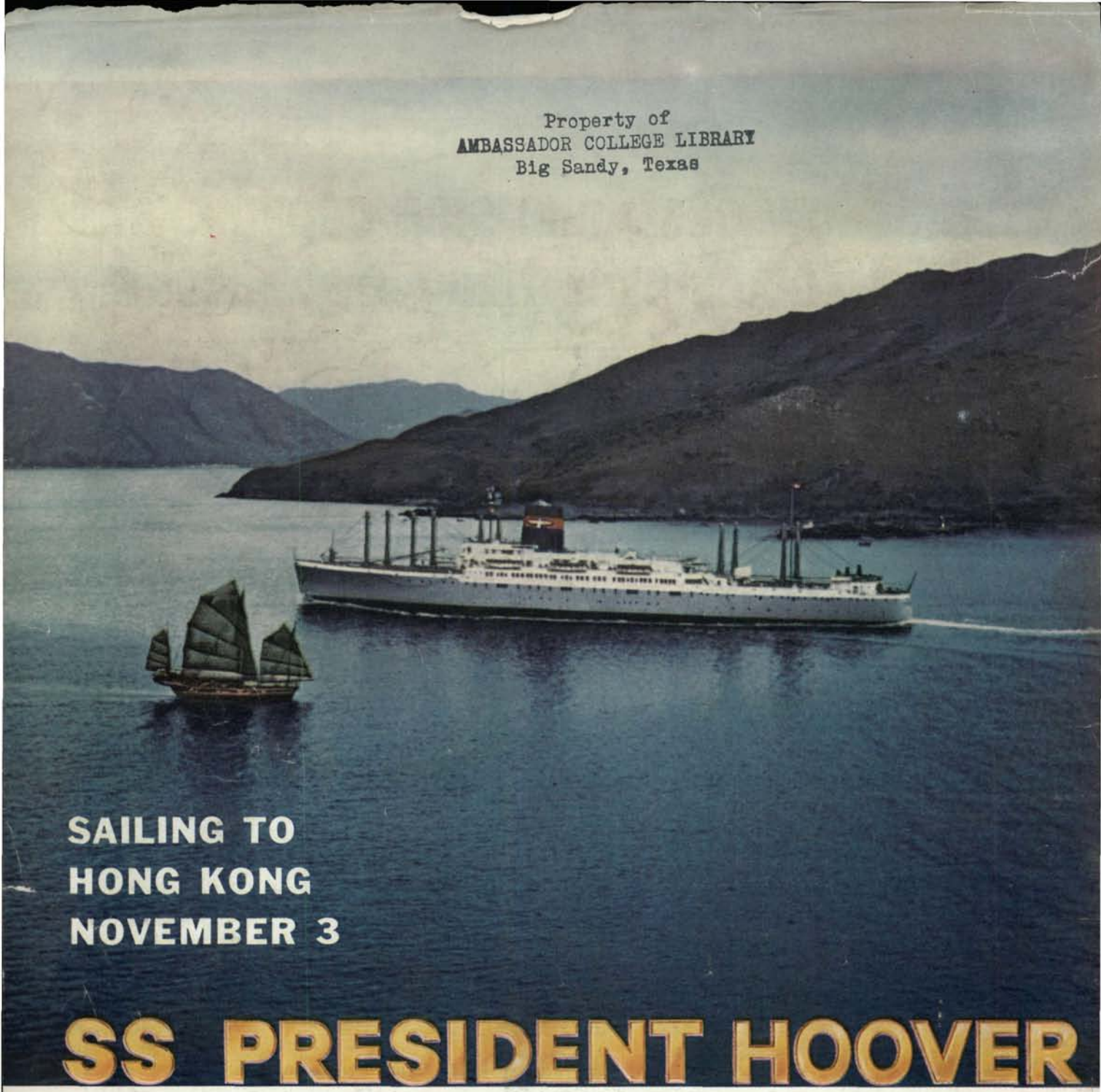

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